

Or, The Second Part of

The BUSIE-BODY

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY BENTINCK,
EARL of *Portland,*

*Viscount Woodstock, Baron of Cirencester,
Captain of Her Majesty's First Troop of
Guards, &c.*

My LORD,

Women, and Men like Women, naturally fly to the Brave for Protection. This Pretence *Mar-plot* and I have for Addressing to your LORDSHIP. We know it is the peculiar Distinction of Noble Minds, that they are ready to receive under their

The DEDICATION.

Care the Distress'd, though they have no other Merit, than that they beseech their Patronage.

When I say this, my LORD, I wou'd not be understood to conceal, that my *Play* has been very kindly receiv'd; but we Women overlook all Praise, but from those Persons whose Approbation we most esteem. We are apt to be carry'd away from Admirers to those we Admire: And this *Comedy* prefers the Honour of being thrown at Your Feet, to the Applause of an Audience. It is the Misfortune of our Sex, that we are deterr'd from the Advantages of a Learned Education: But as our Expressions are Artless, our Sentiments are less Disguis'd. Had I, my LORD, the Skill of a Writer, I shou'd here record your Noble Father's Zeal for his Royal Master, and celebrate that Care and Fidelity which preserv'd the Life of Our Deliverer: But, instead of mentioning this Obligation, which my late Lord *Portland* laid on every Man in *England*, I confine my self to what we owe Him for being your Father.

That

The DEDICATION.

That Your LORDSHIP may long bless
the World with the same Virtues which
You have shown in the Entrance You have
made on the busie Stage of it, and long en-
joy the Advantages of an Affluent Fortune,
Graceful Person, and Generous Mind, is
the ardent Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Devoted,

most Obedient, Humble Servant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

THE DEEDS

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PROLOGUE.

THE Men of Wit do now their Brains fatigue
So much with Politicks and State-Intrigue!
That there's not one Male-Poet of the Age
Will condescend to labour for the Stage.
Therefore our Author, tho' no Rules she knows,
What Nature prompts, with Artless Hand bestows:
You'll see the Subject for the Genius fit,
A Busie-Body, drawn by Female Wit,
Still on the Hunt to know of others Wooing,
Eternally employ'd, and nothing doing!
Into dear Secrets anxiously they press,
Destroying, even where they wish Success!
The scanty Age all better Fare denies,
And no new Characters the Town supplies.
Some Years ago Wit had a larger Field,
And every Room cou'd fresh Stage-Coxcombs yield;
But long has been all Humorous Folly crost,
All Fool in empty Politician's lost.
Scowrers, and Rakes, and Debauchees are o'er,
Beaux are extinct, and Bullies are no more.
Therefore in Scarcity of home-bred Tools,
Your Treat to Night's compos'd of Foreign Fools;
And tho' our Mar-plot has been shown before,
The Fool may differ, on a different Shore——
For once, then, break old Custom; be not o'er-nice,
But let the self-same Woman please you Twice.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don *Lopez*, a Noble *Portuguese*, Brother to } Mr. *Bowen*.
Dona *Perriera*.
Don *Perriera*, a rich Merchant. Mr. *Dogget*.
Colonel *Ravelin*, An *English* Officer. Mr. *Wilks*.
Charles *Gripe*, Come to *Lisbon* about his Fa- } Mr. *Mills*.
ther-in-Law's Effects who is dead, and left
him Executor.
Mar-plot, Went over with him to see the Country. Mr. *Pack*.
Lorenzo. Mr. *Norris*.

W O M E N.

Dona *Perriera*, Wife to Don *Perriera*, in love } Mrs. *Santlow*.
with Charles.
Isabinda, Wife to Charles, follows him in Boys } Mrs. *Porter*.
Clothes.
Mademoiselle *Joneton*, an affected *French* Lady } Mrs. *Bradshaw*.
residing in *Lisbon*.
Marten, Her Sister, in Love with Colonel } Mrs. *Cox*.
Ravelin.
Margaritta. Mrs. *Willis*.

Two Ladies, several Foot-men, &c.

The SCENE the *Terriera de Passa*
in *Lisbon*.

M A R.

MAR-PLOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Terriera de Passa in Lisbon.*

Enter Don Lopez, and Don Perriera.

Don Per. **W**HY Brother, you are distracted; how often have you fill'd my Brain with these Chymera's? Why should I murder my Wife without a Cause?

D. Lop. A Cause! Do's a Cuckold want a Cause?

D. Per. Look ye, Senior, keep that Word Cuckold between your Teeth, till you can prove me such, or by St. *Anthony* you shall feel what Mettle my Spado is made of.

[Laying his Hand to his Sword.]

D. Lop. Name your Spado again, and I'll shake thee into Dust, thou feeble Dotard. Your Spado! employ it against the Man that robs you of your Honour, and not against him that would preserve it. I say, My Sister, your Wife, is a Strumpet, the Strumpet of a damn'd Heretick: I saw the Looks, nay the Signs, she gave some of the *English* Officers, as she came from Church this Morning.

D. Per. *English* Officers!

D. Lop. *English* I'm sure they were, I can't swear they were all Officers, nor cou'd I perceive which she sign'd to, or he shou'd not live to meet her Wishes— Now if you don't like the Name of Cuckold, find another for the Husband of a Whore, if you can— For my part I know of none; but this I know, if you won't punish her as a Wife, I will as a Sister; she shall not stain

the Honour of my House this way ; she injur'd it too much in marrying you. I shall pursue my own Method, and so Farewell. [Going.]

D. Per. So, there's the Blessing of matching into an honourable Family: Now must I bear all Affronts patiently, because I'm but a Merchant, forsooth — Oh, give me any Curse but this — Pray, Senior, give me leave to speak one Word with you: I am convinc'd of my too much Indulgence for this very Cockatrice, and there remains nothing to quicken my Revenge, but certain Demonstration.

D. Lop. Certain Demonstration! Must you have Ocular Proof? Must your Coward Heart be animated with the Sight? A Curse of your Equivocations —

D. Per. No, any other Sense will serve; let me hear 'em, feel 'em, nay, smell 'em; and sure Cuckoldom is so rank a Scent, that, tho' I liv'd in *England*, where they scarce breathe any other Air, I cou'd distinguish it.

D. Lop. Now you talk like a *Portuguese*; keep up this Passion, and secure the Honour of your House and mine, and deserve the Alliance of my Blood, it shall be my Care to fix them. [Exit.]

D. Per. And when they are so, mine to execute. [Exit.]

Enter Charles, meeting Colonel Ravelin.

Cha. Colonel *Ravelin*!

Rav. *Charles* Gripe! honest *Charles*, how dost thou do, Boy? Why, what brought thee to *Lisbon*?

Cha. Part of the Cause that brought you, Colonel.

Rav. What? art thou in the Army?

Cha. No, Colonel, I leave Honour to you, Interest brought me.

Rav. They are Twin-Brothers, *Charles*; if Interest did not drive, Honour wou'd come slowly on: Art thou turn'd Merchant then?

Cha. No, faith, not I; but it pleas'd Heav'n to take my Wife's Father out of the way, who left me Executor, and his Concerns here oblig'd me to take this Voyage.

Rav. So then, old Sir, jealous Traffick is dead at last. How long do you intend to stay?

Cha. Longer than I expected when I embark'd: I came away in such a Hurry, the Ship sailing sooner than I thought she wou'd.

wou'd, I forgot to put up some Papers, without which I can't adjust my Accounts with some Merchants here; I have writ to my Wife to send them.

Rav. That was very unlucky; prithee, how dost thou spend thy Time?

Cha. Why very insipidly: How do you pass yours? What Company have you here?

Rav. All sorts; the Women, I'll say that for 'em, are kind enough, and won't put you to the Expence of Swearing and Lying to gain them; but a Man is as safe in an Engagement, as in their Arms; Fortune is the kind Friend in both the Onsets: But I have got acquainted in a *French* Family, which are not altogether so dangerous one way, but much more so another.

Cha. Ay! how's that, Colonel?

Rav. Why, I'm fearful of dwindling into an honourable Amour there.

Cha. Exert your Gallantry, gain your Point once, and those Fears will vanish. The *French* Ladies are easie of Access.

Rav. Right, the *French* Gayety resembles the *English* Complaisance, yet they have always a Reserve to dash your Expectations, and when you think your self in a manner Master of their Cover'd-way, they spring a Mine of Coquetry, and blow you up at once.

Cha. Say you so, Colonel? Why then give me the *Lisbon* Dames, that surrender to the Bold and Brave: He deserves not a Woman, that would not run some Hazard, provided she be kind.

Rav. Some are of Opinion, that the jilting Fair gives the surest Blow, and *Sucklin* says, 'Tis Expectation makes the Blessing dear. This *French* Woman has found the way to unite my jarring Inclinations, and tune 'em to the pitch of Constancy, and I am very apprehensive of becoming that tame Monster, call'd a Husband. Ah! I find I am caught, for I can name that terrible Word without starting.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! I shall have you in my Class: Sure the Lady that can make such an entire Conquest over your Heart must be a Person of extraordinary Parts, Colonel.

Rav. Yes, faith, her Ladyship has very extraordinary Parts; she's airy to Affectation, and changeable as the Wind: She has

Tongue enough for a Lawyer, but as hard to be understood as an Apothecary: She begins as many Stories as a Romance, and ends them as intricately, or, to speak more properly, seldom ends them at all: She's as whimsical as a Projector, as obstinate as a Physician, and as faithful as the Monarch of her Country.

Cha. Admirable Qualities for a Wife, and can you forsake the whole Sex for this Woman?

Rav. Humph! that I won't swear; but I find I can't forsake her for the whole Sex: To be plain with you, I have try'd the Strength of Variety, and at this time am in prospect of the Favour from as fine a Woman as any in *Lisbon*; yet this Medley of Womankind triumphs over all, and in the midst of my Raptures I murmur *Joneton*.

Cha. But may I not see this wondrous Engineer, who can countermine her whole Sex, and blow up the Magazine of your Affections, Colonel?

Rav. You shall, but you must give me your Honour not to rival me.

Cha. The Description you have given, Colonel, secures you from that Fear; besides, you know I am marry'd, neither am I destitute of a Mistress, tho' in a strange Place. I this Morning was assur'd, by a Sign from a Lady's Handkerchief, that my Wants shou'd be supply'd upon Occasion. I did not rightly understand her, till the good old *Duena* explain'd her Meaning; and this Night I shall be happy in her Arms.

Rav. You are a Stranger to these Affairs *Charles*, take heed, proceed with caution, for the Women here are as warm in their Revenge as in their Inclinations, bare Suspicion justifies Murder; if you manage your Intreague so closely to escape the Husband and Relations, 'tis odds but your Mistress finds some pretence to employ her Bravoës, Fellows that will dispatch a dozen Men for a *Moydre*.

Cha. I go well arm'd, understand the Language, and will not easily fall a Victim, but resolve to see the event of this Intreague; the old Matron told me that the Lady was young and beautiful, her Husband a Merchant, rich, covetous, old, and ugly; that she hated him worse than Penance, and lov'd me better than her Prayers; shall I be such a Poultröon to decline a Lady's Summons? No, for the honour of *Britain*, it shall never be said an *Englishman* fled either from the Wars of *Mars*, or *Venus*;

Venus; let her bring me on, if I discharge not my self with Honour, and make my Retreat secure, may I forfeit the Embraces of the Sex.

Rav. Well said *Charles*, in my Conscience you married Men encroach too much upon our Prerogative methinks; you who purchase pleasure by way of Annuity, should leave us Batchelours the liberty of the Freehold.

Cha. The Ground we course in, is never the worse for your Use.

Rav. No, 'tis sometimes the better; there's many a Wife lies Fallow, and many a good Estate wou'd want an Heir, if it were not for us young Fellows, especially Soldiers.

Cha. I think you ought to make Provision for the Recruits you raise, as much as for your Widows, they are far more Numerous.

[*A noise of clashing of Swords, and Murder cry'd within.*]

Rav. Ha! What noise is that?

Cha. 'Tis *Mar-plot's* Voice, his damn'd Curiosity has brought him into some Mischief, I'll lay my Life on't. [*Draws.*]

Rav. The Devil's in that Fellow; what made you bring him with you?

[*Murder cry'd again within.*]

Mar. Murder, murder, [*Mar. running pursued by two Bravoes.*]
Ah *Charles*, help me dear *Charles*, for Heav'n's sake.

[*They beat off the Bravoes.*]

Cha. A Curse on your Paper Skull, what have you been doing now?

Mar. Nothing at all, as I hope to be saved; only I had a mind to see where that Lady liv'd that shook her Handkerchief at you, and out of no other design than to inform you, I protest, *Charles*, when immediately these two Scoundrels came slap upon me, I know no more for what than the Child that's unborn; but I'm sure I shall feel their blows this Month, pox take 'em.

Rav. For what? Why you took the only method in the World to have your Guts let out: Ha, ha! watch a Woman in *Lisbon*! Hark you young Gentleman, suppress that natural Curiosity of diving into other Peoples Affairs, or never hope to see old *England* again.

Mar. I wish I were safe in it, Colonel *Ravelin*! The duce take me if I saw you before, my Senses was all in such a hurry, with these unconscionable Villains, that——

Cha.

Cha. That you over-look'd your Friends, I warrant.

Mar. You have said it *Charles*, but I hope the Colonel will forgive me.

Rav. To be plain with you, Mr. *Mar-plot*, I shall take these kind of Over-fights for particular Favours, if you don't shake off that Temper of yours.

Mar. Pish, prethee Colonel don't put on those grave Airs, why what harm is there in't?

Rav. There's ill Manners in't, I'm sure, and have a care you han't your Bones broke for it.

Cha. Look ye *Mar-plot*, you must either resolve to quit this inquisitive Humour, or forfeit my Acquaintance,

Rav. A Man may be ruin'd by your foolish Quarrels.

Mar. Upon my Soul, Colonel, I never quarrel'd with any Man, out of design to hurt him in my Life: *Charles* can witness for me, that I hate fighting.

Cha. So can every Body else that knows you; I wish you hated Impertinence as much, for the good of Society.

Mar. Well, you of all Men living have the least reason to complain; I have run the hazard of my Life many a time for you, and in my Conscience I believe I shall fall your Martyr one time or another.

Cha. Your own you mean, you'll certainly be Canoniz'd by all the Busie-body's about Town.

Mar. Is this all the thanks I get for my Friendship? Well *Charles*, well, you shall see I can prefer Safety, and sacrifice my Curiosity too, as you call it.

Rav. That's the way to oblige your Friends, Mr. *Mar-plot*, never desire to know more than they are willing to tell you, readily comply with a reasonable Demand, and never meddle with any body's Business but your own, this will render you agreeable to all Companies.

Mar. Ay! But that will make all Companies very disagreeable to me. (*Aside.*) But Colonel, is there nothing due from one Friend to another? One ought to be let into the bosom Secrets of a Friend.

Rav. Not always, for there are some Secrets of such a Nature that will not admit of that Freedom; for Example, suppose your Friend had an Affair with another Man's Wife, or Daughter, where's the advantage of your knowing it?

Mar.

MAR-PLOT.

7

Mar. Why I wou'd watch the Husband or Father in the mean time, prevent his being surpriz'd, and perhaps save his Life.

Cha. But how wou'd you save his Honour? A Man of Honour must have no Confidants in those Cases.

Mar. Then hang Honour, I say, 'tis good for nothing but to spoil Conversation. Shall I beg a pinch of your Snuff, Colonel?

Enter Colonel Ravelin's Servant with a Letter.

Rav. With all my Heart.

[*Gives him his Box*

Ser. The Messenger stays for your Answer, Sir.

Mar. A Letter! Wou'd I were a Fly now, that I might swop down upon the Paper, and read it before his Face: Lord, Lord, what wou'd I give for an universal Knowledge? [*Aside.*

Rav. Tell the Messenger I'll observe Orders to a second

Mar. Orders! Why, what have you Orders to march, Colonel?

[*Ex. Servant.*

Rav. From this place I have, Sir. *Charles*, I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with you and Mr. *Mar-plot* in the Evening at my Lodgings: There's the Directions.

[*Tears the Superscription of a Letter, and gives Charles.*

Mar. I'll wait on you home Colonel, that I may know the House again exactly.

Rav. Excuse me Sir, I'm not going home perhaps. *Charles*, I'll expect you. [*Exit.*

Cha. I'll do my self the honour to wait on you; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mar. Perhaps! but perhaps I won't believe you: He has a world of Manners to a Gentleman in a strange Place, I'll be sworn; ha! *Charles's* gone, nay, then I have a rare opportunity, egad he has forgot his Snuff-Box, an excellent Excuse to follow him; the Devil take his Letter for me, it has given me the Cholick. [*Exit.*

S C E N E, *A Chamber in Don Perriera's House.*

Enter Dona Perriera, and Margaritta.

Dona Per. Are you sure the *Englishman* will come? What said he?

Marg. He answer'd me in Transport, I warrant him a Man every inch of him. Come, Seniors? Yes, yes, he'll come, tho' a thousand Dangers threatned him; these *Englishmen* are brave Fellows, if they were not Hereticks. *Dona*

Dona Per. If he has but the Faith of a Lover, no matter for his Religion *Margaritta*; but what came of the busie Fellow that watch'd us? Did you obey my Orders?

Marg. Yes marry did I, and the Bravo's assur'd me they had taught him to look another way for the future.

Dona Per. They dispatch'd him, I hope.

Marg. No, he was rescu'd, upon the *Terriera de Passa*.

Dona Per. Ill Fate; he did not see where I enter'd.

Marg. No, no, Madam, you are safe; hush, here's my Master *Don Perriera*.

Dona Per. Then there's my Jaylor: This *Englishman* runs in my Head so much, that methinks I hate the Sight of my Husband.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. So, you have been at Church to Day, my Dear, have you not?

Dona Per. Yes, my Dear.

Don Per. And who did you see there, Wife?

Dona Per. Do you think I pass my Time in Observation at Church, my Dear? I hope I have other Business to do there.

Don Per. And you are basely bely'd, if you have not other Business to do elsewhere too, Wife.

Dona Per. What do you mean, my Dear?

Don Per. Nay, ask your Brother *Don Lopez*, who will have it that you send your Eyes a merroding for *English* Forage; my Dear, have a care of an Ambuscade; for the whole Artillery of his Senses are drawn down upon you, and Jealousie leads the Force of his Invention; and though I love you, Wife, yet if his Spies bring certain Intelligence of your holding Correspondence with those Heretick Dogs, the *English* Officers, I shall infallibly treat you like a Traitors to your Lord and Husband.

Dona Per. Ha! I fear I'm betray'd.

[*Aside.*

Marg. My Lady a Traitors to her Lord and Husband!
Don Lopez is a Traitor to his own Flesh and Blood for saying so, by my Virginity——

Don Per. Away, away; that's so stale an Oath, 'twill not be credited.

Dona Per. The Accusation's false, I do not know one *English* Officer in *Lisbon*, by this sacred Sign; [*crosses her Thumb and Finger, and kisses it*] For my *Duena* assures me my Lover is no Officer;

Officer; so far I'm not forsworn. [*Aside.*] I thought, my Dear had promis'd me never more to mind the Insinuations of that cruel Brother; his Prejudice is founded on our Marriage, his proud imperious Temper scorns your Alliance, and racks his Soul to find a Cause to ruin you: And must it be by blasting of my Fame? Will not my Life suffice? And dares he not employ his own Hand? But wou'd he make you guilty of my Murther? oh barbarous inhumane Thought! [*Weeps.*]

Marg. Cruel *Don Lopez*, now do I wish I may die a Maid; a terrible Wish, were I not out of Danger of the Curse falling upon me; if I believe my Lady ever thought of any Man but your self, Senior. Poor Creature, I'm sure her Heart is full of Fears about you when you are absent.

Don Per. Ay, lest I shou'd come back before she'd have me.

Marg. He is the Devil of a Gueffer. [*Aside.*]

Dona Per. Unkindly urg'd, Deary; I'm sure, by my own Consent, I wou'd never have you——

Don Per. In your Sight.

Marg. The Man is certainly a Witch. [*Aside.*]

Dona Per. Out of my sight, I meant, Deary.

Don Per. That wou'd be as bad on the other side.

Dona Per. For my part, Deary, I'm never happier than when thou art in my Arms, and cou'd be content to have thee always there.

Don Per. Yes, I shou'd have a fine Life truly, to be always in your Arms.

Marg. Look ye there now, the Dog in the Manger.

Dona Per. What wou'd you have me say, my Dear, to convince you of my Love?

Don Per. Look ye, Wife, 'tis no matter what you say, do but take care what you do: No regaling your Pallate with Foreign Dishes, they are very dangerous. Take my Word for't, you'll live longer upon your own Food, and with less Danger of your Health.

Marg. Nay, if Diseases are prevented by dry Meats, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*]

Dona Per. I know not what you'd have me say, my Dear; but if you think me false, confine me to my Chamber, or send me to a Monastery. Grant, Heav'n, he do's not take me at my Word. [*Aside.*]

Marg. I wou'd not give a Crusada for my Place, if he shou'd ; a cloyster'd Mistress brings no Grise to the Servant's Mill.
[*Aside.*

Don Per. Sure *Don Lopez* do's belye her ; I always found her thus pliable, kind, and modest ; however, I'll watch her narrowly. In the mean time, to take off her Suspicion, I'll seem to believe her.

Marg. So, all's right once more, I see by that Ogle of his.
[*Aside.*

Don Per. Come, my Love, dry thy Eyes ; I am not jealous, nor shall thy Brother make me so ; I'll be an *Englishman* to thee. Come, buss thy own Husband then, do Deary.

Marg. That Buss secures me a *Moydre* before I sleep, for the *English* are the most generous Men living in their Love Affairs.
[*Aside.*

Dona Per. And won't you be jealous of me no more indeed, and indeed, nor let that naughty Brother vex you, till you fright me out of my Wits again? Will you promise me that?

Don Per. Yes indeed, and indeed, I will, you little coaxing Thief you. By *St. Anthony*, thou dost look wondrous handsome methinks. Od! if I were not to meet some Merchants about Business, thou should'st to Bed this Moment.

Dona Per. To Bed quotha? I had rather thou wert in thy Grave. [*Aside.*] What? then are you going to leave me, my Jewel?

Don Per. But for two or three Hours, my Dear ; and then I will so buss it, and love it, and hug it, and squeeze it.

[*Kisses and embraces her.*

Dona Per. Ah! the very Apprehension makes me sick. [*Aside.*

Don Per. What makes my Dear sick?

Dona Per. The Duce take his Ears—— The Apprehension of losing my dear, little, old Man.

Marg. Well turn'd.

[*Aside.*

Don Per. Thou shalt quickly have me again, my Jewel.

Marg. Too soon, I dare swear.

[*Aside.*

Don Per. By Deary, go make much of thy self till I come back. Here, *Seniora Margaritta*, take care of your Lady. [*Ex.*

Marg. Yes, Senior, a better Care than you think for. Come, Madam, now prepare to receive the charming *Englishman*.

MAR-PLOT.

II

Dona Per. I think I had better let it alone; do you consider the Hazard which I run?

Marg. Hazard! Are you born in *Portugal*, and talk of Hazard? Why, there is not a Woman in *Lisbon* that wou'd not run twice as much for such a Fellow——Do you consider the Difference between him and your old Husband?

Dona Per. Yes, and what I must suffer too, if I am caught.

Marg. Nay, nay, if Fear throws so many Bug-bears in your way, follow your own Fancy: I'm like to make a fine Penny on't truly——Pray send me of no more Fool's Errands; I'll carry no more Challenges, if you do not mean to engage: I trifle my Time away sweetly.

Dona Per. Nay, don't be angry, *Marget*; 'tis not but that I have as much Inclination for that handsome Man as ever, were I sure not to be discover'd, I shou'd not alter my Resolution.

Marg. That shall be my Care, I warrant you, Madam; he comes in by a Rope-Ladder at your Closet-window, by which he may return with Secrecy and Expedition upon the least Surprise.

Dona Per. My Closet-window looks upon the River, how can he come that way?

Marg. By a Boat, that shall wait to receive him again.

Dona Per. Let him come then.

*When Inclination pleads, Fears quickly fly,
And powerful Love can Reason's Force defy.*

[Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to Colonel *Ravelin*'s Lodgings.

The Colonel looking on his Watch.

Rav. 'Tis within two Minutes of the Time; I must be punctual; for Women here forgive not the least Omission. Let me see, is my Trap-door unbolted? Not yet?

[Goes to the Chimney, and seems to pull at a Trap-door.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman to wait on you, Colonel.

Rav. I'll see no body: Did not I tell you so, Block-head?

[Gives him a Box on the Ear.

C 2

Enter Mar-plot.

Mar. Nay, 'tis only I, Colonel; don't be angry, you forgot your Snuff-box, and I thought you wou'd want it, so I brought it you, that's all, Sir.

Rav. Oh, Sir, you need not have given your self the Trouble.

Mar. I think it no Trouble, upon my Soul, Sir. Ad! you have very pretty Lodgings here, Colonel: What a very fine Collection of Pictures you have got? Pray who is this at length, Colonel?

Rav. I can't tell indeed, Sir; they belong to the House. Pox take this Coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Ho, do they so? Pray what do you give a Week for these Lodgings?

Rav. Prithce ask me no Questions; I don't know, I have forgot. Ha! the Door unbolts, which way shall I get rid of this Puppy? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hey-day! forgot! that's impossible.

Rav. Look ye, Sir, I perceive it is impossible for me to answer all the Questions you may possibly ask at this time; but in the Evening I promise to solve all your Interrogatories.

Mar. Nay, nay, Colonel, if I am troublesome, I'll be gone--- This Uneasiness has a Meaning. [*Aside.*]

Rav. You'll oblige me in so doing, Mr. *Mar-plot*; for I have a Visit to make this Moment.

Mar. Is it to Man or Woman, Colonel? Come hang it, you may tell me that.

Rav. Why then, it is to a Lady: Now I hope you'll leave me.

Mar. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; but I may go with you to the Door, may I not?

Rav. Go to the Devil, Sir. Death, how shall I shift him off? [*Aside.*]

Mar. How snappish he is---how the duce shall I manage to find out this Intrigue? [*Aside.*] Well, well, don't be angry Colonel: I'll leave you below Stairs,

Rav. Confound his Impertinence. Death Sir, suppose I don't go down Stairs, how then?

Mar. How then? Why how then do you intend to make your Visit, Colonel? You don't go out at the Window, do you?

Rav. No more of your Impertinence, Sir, but be gone, or I shall fling you out at Window.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, if you be so Cholerick, your humble Servant—Egad I'll secure the Key, I will know the bottom of this, if I die for't.

[Snatches the Key of the Door, and puts it in his Pocket, and Exits. The Colonel slaps the Door after him, then runs to the Trap-door, pulls it up and descends, and pulls it down after him.]

Rav. This is the most intolerable Dog I ever saw: Pox take him, there's half a minute elaps'd.

[Mar-plot opens the Door softly and peeps.]

Mar. Egad he's not come out yet, what is he a doing? Ha! I don't see him——nor hear him neither——od, I'll venture in——upon my Soul here's no Body: Why sure he deals with the Devil——here's no Door but this that I can see——Is there any way out at Window?——No, faith, that's impossible, they have all Iron Bars.——What can be become of him? Oh! I have it now, before George he's gone up the Chimney, for there is no other Passage---it must be so, *[Peeps up the Chimney]* Egad the Chimney is large, and easy enough to mount, now have I a strong inclination to follow him——troth and I will too——sure the greatest pleasure in this World, lies in discovering what other People take such pains to conceal——now they may call me impertinent Block head——inquisitive Fool---and ill-bred Puppy——and what they please, but I'd not quit the pleasure of knowing this Secret, for the finest breeding in France.——I'm afraid I shall spoil my Coat——rot him, what a cursed, dirty Contrivance has he found out; hold, well thought on——I'll, I'll, turn the wrong side outwards——Ay, that will do, *[Turns his Coat,]* so now for the Art of Chimney Sweeping; egad Colonel, in spite of all your caution, ten to one but I know your haunts; Lord how I shall laugh at Night, when we meet, how I will Joak upon him. Ha, ha, ha.

[Goes into the Chimney, and the Scene shuts.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Dona Perriera's Apartment.

*Enter Margaritta and Charles.**Marg.* Come, Courage, Senior *Englise*, fear nothing.*Cha.* I hope you have a better Opinion of my Country, Seniora, than to think me afraid; but where is the Lady? the beautiful young Lady, which you told me off, my dear?*Mar.* She's forth-coming, Sir——So, see what it is to be stricken in years now, he looks over me, as if I were a thing of his own Species. Well Senior, I assure you I have done you no small service with my Lady, poor young thing, she had so many scruples, but I told her a thousand things in your Favour: Seniora said I, the Cavalier is a fine Cavalier, he is——*Cha.* Oh the Devil, if this old Woman's Clack sets a going, there will be no end——I understand you Senior, pray give me leave to thank you; and to engage you more heartily in my Interest, be pleas'd to accept this Token of my Esteem.*Marg.* Ah Seniora, you *Englisch* have excellent faculties to please us Women; I'll swear they have exceeding good natural Parts, and readily conceive our Meaning, [*Aside.*] I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here, Senior. [*Exit.*]*Cha.* Prethee do——So, I am enter'd, but how I shall come off, I am not able to determine: If instead of a Lady, there shou'd come an old surly Dog, with half a dozen Bravoës at his back, it would give a strange turn to my Inclinations; how foolishly a Man must look upon such an Ocasion; egad suppose some Body should be doing me the same favour in *England* now with my Wife, cou'd I be angry? No faith; if a Man is born to be a Cuckold 'tis none of his Wife's fault, and therefore Senior, Don, what de call 'em, by your leave, if your Wife be handsome.*Enter Dona Perriera.*Hâ! here she comes; a thousand Darts issue from her Eyes--- What a Forehead's there? Her Lips exceed the redness of the Coral——'tis sure the Queen of Love——Ay, 'tis she, those dimples in her Checks are *Cupid's* bathing Tubs, and that snowy
Bosome

Bosome the Plain he keeps his Revels on——Seniora [*Going towards her.*] the duce take me if I can speak to her.

Dona Per. You seem surpriz'd, Senior.

Cha. Who can look on such amazing Brighness without astonishment of Sense? *Semele*, when *Jove* approach'd her in all his Glory, had not more cause to be surpriz'd.

Dona Per. You begin as if we had years to waste in Courtship, Senior, pray descend from your high-flown Raptures, the Gods are no Example, let us talk like Mortals.

Cha. But are you sure, Madam, that you are Mortal?

Dona Per. I'm afraid he'll find me so, he's a charming handsome Fellow. [*Aside.*] By your Distance one wou'd imagine that you took me for a Shadow, but you may venture to approach, I am Flesh and Blood, I shan't vanish. Ha, ha, ha.

Cha. Say you so Madam? Why then have at you, I was never afraid of Flesh and Blood in my Life——Ha! The Devil! a Dagger!

[*Runs to catch her in his Arms, she holds up a Dagger, he starts back.*]

Dona Per. Ha, ha, ha; what, do you start at a Dagger, Senior?

Cha. Yes, in a Female Hand, those Limbs were made for softer Uses; and we *Britains* are not wont to see our Ladies arm'd with Steel: Loves Combats are fought with Kisses, in my Country, I know not what his Laws are here.

Dona Per. The Engagements are the same, only a little difference in the Preparation; a Wound in the Reputation of an *English* Woman, they say, only lets in Allimony, but with us it lets out Life: And therefore, tho' we proceed with caution, a Lover ought to think us sincere, when we run such hazards to receive him.

Cha. But to what end is the Dagger, Madam; is it to dispatch your Lover by way of keeping the Secret——faith he'll have but small stomach to Eat, that knows he must Die as soon as he has Din'd.

Dona Per. No Senior, by this I wou'd imprint in your Mind the danger which we are both expos'd to, if we are not both discreet; Favours in *Portugal* must not be boasted off.

Cha. Nor any where else, Madam; a Man of Honour scorns so poor a piece of Treachery; he that owns he ever had a Favour,

proclaims himself both lewd and foolish, but he that points the Woman out is a Villain, and ought to have that Dagger in his Heart.

Dona Per. Nobly said. [*Throws away the Dagger.*] That Sentence has disarm'd and left me at your Mercy.

Cha. Then thus I seize, and thus I will revenge the Arts you took to fright me. Ha! her Kisses would warm the Dead, I'm all Extacy. I fancy the next Room is more private Madam, and I have a secret to impart of mighty Consequence, therefore pre-thee let's withdraw.

Dona Per. Oh happy *English* Women, that have such Men as these plenty. Oh my Heart, I find I have not power to deny him——Open that Door, *Margaritta*.

[*Opens the Door, Marplot flops down the Chimney, the Women shriek, Charles draws his Sword, Mar-plot roars out, the Women run off.*]

Marg. So, so, they understand one another,

Mar. Ah, Zounds I have broke my Leg.

Marg. Ah! Thieves, Thieves.

[*Exit.*]

Mona Per. Ah! Murder, Murder.

[*Exit.*]

Cha. *Mar-plot!* The Devil break your Neck, which way got you hither? I have a good mind to stick you, you Rascal.

Mar. falls on his Knees. Ah, dear *Charles*, is it you? Oh forgive me for Heav'n's sake, this was pure Accident, as I hope to be sav'd, the Devil take me if I dreamt of finding you.

Within. Thieves! Murder! Murder!

Cha. Death, they'll raise the House, and I shall be taken for a Thief, the Women will swear they know nothing of me, I warrant 'em. Rogue, Dog, Poultroon.

[*Beats Mar-plot, and Exits into the Closet.*]

Mar. Nay, good *Charles*———Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do? Oh Lord, oh Lord, dear *Charles* take me out with you [*Exit after Charles, and returns.*] Oh, woe's me that ever I was born, he is leapt into the River; was there ever such an unfortunate Dog as I am, to be in quest of one, and tumble upon t'other? tho' if I cou'd but get safe out, and *Charles* scape with Life, the Accident wou'd not displease me neither, but if *Charles* be drown'd, I shall hang my self, that's certain.

Within. Thieves, Thieves! *Lorenzo, Pedro Sancho*; where are you all?

Mar.

Mar. Oh frightful! the whole House is up in Arms, which way shall I escape? Ah! methinks I feel a Spado thro' my Guts already: Egad, there is no way but up the Chimney again.

[Runs into the Chimney.]

Enter Don Perriera and his Wife, Margaritta, and other Servants arm'd.

Don Per. Where are these Rogues, my Dear? I'll swinge 'em. How many was there?

Marg. We saw ten at least. [Exit into the Closet, and returns.]

Dona Per. Yes indeed did we—— with Pistols and Spadoes, and Heav'n knows what. Is my Lover got off clear?

[Aside to Marg.]

Marg. Without Dispute, for the Ladder is gone.

Dona Per. What cou'd that Fellow be? I wish he was no Spy from my Brother *Don Lopez*. [Aside.]

Don Per. Why where are they all? And which way got they in?

Marg. They all came down the Chimney, Senior.

Don Per. Down the Chimney? here, Rascal, search the Chimney.

Marg. Take heed, *Lorenza*, and kill the first you light on——The Dead can discover nothing. [Aside.]

Lor. Here's one of 'em. [Pulls Mar-plot out.]

Don Per. Take him alive, I charge you.

Dona Per. Ah! then all will out, and I'm ruin'd.

Don Per. How now, Sir? What are you?

Mar. I can't tell what I am, Sir, not I.

Dona Per. 'Tis an *Englishman*, and can't belong to *Don Lopez*. [Aside.]

Don Per. Can't you so, Sir? Death! how came you here?

Mar. Nay, I know as little of that too, for my part; what will become of me? These Fellows have damn'd Murdering Faces. [Aside.]

Don Per. Where are the rest of your Gang, Sirrah?

Mar. Nay, Heav'n knows; wou'd I were with them.

Don Per. Zounds, Sirrah, answer without these Equivocations, or, by St. *Anthony*, I'll have you wrack'd to Death.

Mar. Ah! the Devil take your Popish Saints; for they are always bloody-minded: I can't think of any tolerable Lye to save my Life now. [Aside.]

Don Per. Why don't you speak, I say? Where are the other Nine? Here was Ten of you just now.

Mar. Ten! As I hope for Mercy from your Hands, Sir, I saw but one; and how he came here, may I be castrated if I know. 'Tis true, he is a Friend of mine, but I won't answer for his Virtue for all that, when there is a handsome Woman in the case; for Beauty is a Temptation, you know, Sir.

Dona Per. Undone! this Fellow knew the other. [*Aside.*

Don Per. How's this? a handsome Woman—— I wish my Wife has not a Hand in the Plot. [*Aside.*

Marg. [*Aside to Mar-plot.*] Recal what you have said; not one Word more of the Man you saw here, as you hope to live two Hours.

Mar. Ah, wretched *Mar-plot*, what will become of thee? [*Aside.*

Don Per. Did you not tell me you saw ten arm'd Men come down the Chimney, Wife?

Dona Per. For my part I was so frightened, my Dear, that I durst have sworn I saw twenty.

Marg. Ay, so did I too, Senior; for People in a Fright see double.

Don Per. Pray Heav'n, some body had no Design to be double. [*Aside.*] Where is this Friend of your's, Sir?

Mar. What Friend, Sir?

Don Per. Why him you said you saw here just now.

Mar. Ah! that was all a Mistake, Sir; I did not know what I said, Sir, nor, I believe, did not know what I meant, and I'm sure I did not neither, except I meant my self, Sir. Nay, now I think on't, I did mean my self, Sir—— Oh Lord, oh Lord, which way shall I come off? [*Aside.*

Don Per. Don't stammer so, Rascal; I shall have no Mercy on you presently—— Did you not say you saw a Friend of yours here?

Mar. Why if I did, Sir, I meant my self; and there needs no Logick to prove a Man's best Friend is himself, tho' I am sure I am my own worst Foe. Oh, I shall swoond away with the Fright. [*Aside.*

Don Per. You said, you knew not how he came here neither.

Mar. My self again, Sir; for as I hope to get safe out, I had no more Design to come into your House, than I had to eat it, Sir.

Don Per. And dare not you swear for your own Virtue nei-

Mar.

Mar. No really, Sir, no Man knows his own Strength, and I confess ingenuously, Sir, that a pretty Woman has Power to dissolve my Resolutions of Virtue at any time.

Don Per. Say you so, Sir? Why then there are things to be us'd to preserve Virtue, which I'll take care to administer. I'll engage you shall attempt no Man's Wife for the future. Here, bind his Hands.

Marg. 'Tis a handsome Young-Man, and no Fool. I wish I cou'd tell how to save him. [Aside.

Mar. Ah, dear Sir, what do you mean? I design upon a Man's Wife! Upon my Soul, Sir, I never had any such damnable Design in my Days, Sir.

Don Per. Sirrah, Sirrah, you wou'd not have come down my Chimney for nothing; you are a Rogue, I see by your Disguise, Sirrah. Bind him, I say.

Dar. Disguise! hold, hold, if the Truth must out, it must; then to deal ingenuously—

Dona Per. Ah! now it comes out, I'm ruin'd past Redemption. [Aside.

Mar. I am very subject to an itching in my Nature to know every body's Concerns, and being thrust out of an Officer's Lodgings of my Acquaintance, for my Impertinence (as he call'd it) I suspected he had some Intrigue on foot: So I watch'd his coming out; but finding he shut himself up, I imagin'd he had got his Mistress with him. So, Sir, I found means to get in again; but not meeting with him, I fancy'd he had some private way up the Chimney. So, Sir, my confounded Curiosity, with a Pox to't, must needs try to smell him out— So, Sir, I turn'd my Coat here to save it clean, and up I scrambl'd; but when I came without-side, I saw no body there then: Sir, something whisper'd me in my Ear, that he might be gone down the next Chimney: So, Sir, that devilish Desire of mine brought me down hither, as you see, Sir; and this is the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, as I hope for your Pardon, Sir— Ah, poor *Mar-plot*, if this brings thee not off, thou art undone for ever.

[Aside.

Don Per. A well compact Lye. I'll Officer you, with the Devil to you. I suppose your Country-men think they have a License for Cuckoldom. Do you hear? search the whole House; for this Rogue in Red may lurk in some Corner or other, and

watch his Opportunity to press my Wife to the Service, and think to raise Recruits out of my Family : And for you, sweet Senior Sweep-Chimney, the *Corrigadore* shall let you into the Secrets of our Laws in *Portugal*.

Mar. The Devil take all Secrets for me.

Don Per. *Lorenzo*, go let him know his Presence is requir'd. Come, Sir, I shall put you into a safer Place till he comes, where there is no Chimney to get out at. *Margaritta*, take care of my Wife--- Hold, now I think on't, I'll ease you of that Trouble, and do it my self. Go, get in there.

Dona Per. What Fault have I committed, my Dear, to be imur'd? If I had not cry'd out, you had not taken this Villain.

Mar. I wish you had been dumb, with all my Blood.

Don Per. When he is gone, and the House found to be clear; you shall have your Liberty again; therefore no Dispute, but in, I say. [Exit Dona Per.]

Now bring him along into the next Chamber.

Mar. O you malignant Stars--- Oh, take pity upon me, and let me go, or I shall die with Vexation, and you'll be accessary to my Murder, and that will trouble your Conscience.

Don Per. Conscience! you Heretick Dog; do you talk of Conscience? Drag him along.

Mar. Heretick Dog! a good Hint; ad, I'll pretend to turn Papist. Oh, hear me one Moment, Sir; I do confess I am a Heretick; and my Conscience tells me very unfit to die. Ah, dear Sir, be so charitable to afford me a little Instruction, and recommend me to some Saint that may take care of me in the other World.

Don Per. Oh, *Anthony*! thou hast touch'd his Heart, and put me upon a meritorious Action--- I must have regard to his poor Soul--- Well, young Man, since I find thou art become the Care of Heav'n, I think thee worthy my Regard. I'll send for a Priest that shall instruct thee in the Mysteries of our Religion. Come, come along. [Exit.]

Mar. Ah, for some Instructions how to get out; here's a little time gain'd however. [Exit guarded.]

Marg. Well, by St. *Anthony*, I am much concern'd for him, methinks I feel a more than ordinary motion about my Heart. Ha! My pulses beat quicker than they used to do; oh dear, how my Breasts heave; I am much disorder'd, but I believe my Distemper

stemper wou'd not prove dangerous, were he my Physician; well, if I thought he would be grateful I'd release him. I have a Key will open that Door; besides, he knows my Lady's Gallant, and perhaps they may force him to discover who he is, and where he lodges; and if he falls into Don *Lopez's* Hands, fare him well, and farewell my Fees too; now if I convey him out, I may prevent future Mischiefs, and may be get a Love of my own, at least I cannot fail of Rewards from all sides, I'll do't I'm resolv'd.

[Exit. Enter again with Mar-plot.

Well Senior *Englise*, what think you of finding out secrets again?

Mar. For my part I shall hate every thing that is but spell'd with any one Letter that belongs to it: Have you no Bowels of Mercy for one neither? Ah, Seniora, for honest *Charles's* sake let me go, you see I brought you off, then prethee take some pity on me

Marg. Fie Senior, a Lady may compassionate your Person for your own sake, to do you Justice, you are a clever young Man, and may make your Fortune.

Mar. I wish I cou'd make my Escape,

Marg. Suppose a Lady shou'd take a liking to you, cou'd you be kind?

Mar. Kind? ods Heart, is it possible for a Man to think of kindness when the Knife's at his Throat——What the Devil does this old Hag mean?

Marg. But set the case a Woman shou'd procure the liberty of your Person, what Charms must she be Mistress off to captivate your Heart?

Mar. Charms! Egad if she had never a Nose, I should think my self bound in Honour to be grateful.

Marg. Tho' she was not altogether so young.

Mar. Nay, tho' she were as old again as thou art, I wou'd love her monstrously. I fancy 'tis her self she means; egad I begin to conceive hopes of Liberty.

[Aside.

Marg. Indeed! And do you really think you cou'd love me, Senior?

Mar. Do you really think you can let me out?

Marg. It lies in my Power.

Mar. Why then t'other shall lye in my Will: And to prove my Love, there's Gold for thee, old Girl.

Marg. This is as it should be now, nothing like Earnest to bind

Bargain——Well Senior, upon condition you'll meet me whenever I shall give you Notice, I'll take pity on you, and let you Escape.

Mar. My Angel, my Life, my Soul ; od I'm wondrous full of Raptures of a sudden.

Marg. Hark, I hear some Body coming, follow me quickly. [*Ex.*

Mar. With all my Spirit.

[*Exit.*

Enter Don Perriera, and Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Stupidity ! Give a Villain fair play for his Life, that wou'd rob you of your Honour ! What business cou'd this Fellow have in your House ? And by so Clandestine a way as the Chimney ? Where is he ? give him to my Revenge.

Don Per. Nor for the World ; you wou'd not kill him now, when he is willing to be Converted : Just when his Eyes are opening ? That wou'd be to destroy his Soul with his Body.

Don Lop. His Soul ? I'd rather give a hundred *Moydres* to have it pray'd out of Purgatory, then lose my Revenge. Open the Door I say, or I will force it open.

Don Per. I say you shall not see him till the *Corrigadore* comes, I'll deliver him into the Hands of Justice ; I will not have a Man murder'd without a just Cause ; touch the Door if you dare, I'd have you to know I am Master of my own Lodgings.

Don Lop. And I'd have you to know, Sir, that I'll batter your Lodgings about your Ears, before I'll suffer in my Honour : Where is this salacious Woman, this adulterous Sister, this Contaminated fair One, this Viper of our Family ?

Don Per. Safe enough out of your reach. I know she's innocent of this, and therefore will preserve her. Pray mitigate your Passion, Senior, and you shall have all the satisfaction in this matter you can desire from a Brother.

Don Lop. Brother ! Dam the Alliance, I scorn the Title.

Don Per. Right, just as my Wife said——he does hate me heartily——[*Enter Servant.*] How now, is the *Corrigadore* come ?

Ser. Yes Sir, he's without.

Don Per. Bring him in.

Enter Corrigadore and Guards,

I charge you, Senior *Don Garcia Pedro Compostello*, to keep the Peace, and protect the Prisoner which I shall deliver into your Hands from the fury of Senior *Don Lopez*, whose fiery

Temper

Temper hurries him on to execute, before he knows the Nature of the Offence.

Cor. Sure you mistake, Senior; Rashness has no Connexion with true Courage; and I look upon *Don Lopez* to be a Person of a singular good Conduct.

Don Lop. Rot your fawning Praise--- Do Justice, demand your Prisoner, let me see the *English* Dog.

Cor. Nay Senior, if you are in earnest, I am oblig'd by my Offices to keep the Peace; disarm him.

Don Lop. A Curse of your Authority.

Cor. Now *Don Perriera*, bring out the Offender.

Don Per. That I will. Here open that Door, and bring him hither. [*Gives a Key to a Servant; who Exits, and returns.*]

Ser. Here is no Body within, Sir,

Don Per. How! no Body within? Ah, thou art a blind Booby.

[*Goes in, and returns hastily, crossing himself.*]

Mercy upon me! The Rogue was in the right, there is no Body there, 'twas certainly the Devil, and he's gone through the Key-hole; for no Humane Creature cou'd get out; blefs me, how I tremble!

Don Lop. The Devil! I wish I had met with that Devil, I'd have try'd to have made him Mortal for the good of Mankind.

Cor. Pray let's see this Room from whence he escap'd, perhaps he may be hid somewhere.

[*Exe. Corrigadore and Don Lopez.*]

Don Per. Oh, it is to no purpose, there is nothing to be seen.

[*Exit.*]

[*The Scene draws, and discovers them searching about.*]

Don Lop. Hark ye *Don Perriera*, if your Wife be not vanish'd too, prethee ask her what Species he was compos'd of, I warrant, she can tell you, he had no sulphureous Scent about him.

Cor. 'Tis very odd; was the Door lock'd are you sure?

Ser. Yes Senior, I'm sure I unlock'd it.

Don Per. I lock'd it my self, and have had the Key in my Pocket ever since.

Don Lop. But all your Locks are not secur'd, by carrying the Key about you. I doubt Senior, I hope I may put on my Spado again.

Cor. Pray be certain of your Criminals, Senior, the next time you send for me.

[*Exit.*]

Don Per. S'death! am I flouted——I have lost all Patience, I'd give my whole Estate to know which way this Dog escap'd, if he were Flesh and Blood.

Don Lop. Ask your Wife that,—— Confusion.

[*Walks about in a Passion.*]

Don Per. My Wife! If I shou'd find my Wife guilty, I'd practice such unheard of Cruelties on her, as shou'd out-do our Inquisition.

Don Lop. Phaw! All Talk, all Talk; you shou'd have crush'd when in your Power, but then the Law must right you; you had a meritorious Work to do, there was so much care taken on his Soul, that you left the Body unguarded, and it has made bold to slip thro' your Fingers: Confound your Ignorance.

Don Per. Amen I say, with all my Heart, and send me more Sense---I own my good Nature has abus'd me, but here I throw it off; and now, Senior, I am apt for any Impression, your Will shall be my Law; say what's to be done?

Don Lop. Why, if you will take my Advice, cause diligent search to be made thro' all the Family, there is certainly a false Key to that Door, and those you find it upon dispatch, but rack 'em first to bring the Secret out.

Don Per. It shall be done. What more?

Don Lop. If you find it not, put on the same Humour you us'd to wear, seem not to suspect my Sister, but pretend some Business at *St. Ubes* for two or three Days; take your leave, return privately, and conceal your self in some convenient Place: I warrant you'll make sufficient Discovery.

Don Per. All this I'll observe to a tittle, and if I do find her false, by *St. Anthony* she dies.

Don Lop. In the mean time I'll not be Idle, my Revenge shall pursue these *English* Dogs so close, that I'll find out this Villain, or write Villain on the Heart of all his Country-Men.

[*Exit.*]

Don Per. A Curse of the Cause that brought these Whoremasters to *Portugal*. What a numerous Progeny will they leave behind them; the next Generation will be all Mungrils--- But I'll endeavour to prevent the Increase in my Family.

Woman, thy Constancy I go to try:

Blest if thou'rt true--- but if you're false you die.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the Terriera de Passa.

Enter Colonel Ravelin and Charles.

Rav. **H**A, ha, ha; certainly this Fellow is the most mischievous Rogue that ever liv'd; which way got he down the Chimney?

Cha. Nay that's past my finding out, as also what's become of him: I could have cut his Throat with all my Soul just then, and yet I can't help being concern'd for him now, I fear he is kill'd.

Rav. I should be sorry for that, tho' in my Conscience he deserves it, this busie humour of his is as natural to him as his Food; he follow'd me home this Morning, I was forc'd to use him very roughly to get rid of him, for you must know, I have a trap Door in my Chimney, thro' which I descend into a back Street, where I am conducted by an old Negro to an Angel of a Woman; I had her Summons, and the hour of Affignation was come when he enter'd my Chamber.

Cha. A very unseasonable Visit, faith Colonel.

Rav. Ay, was it not? but I quickly dispatch'd him, tho' how he stumbl'd upon you afterwards, and in so odd a manner, is a miracle.

Cha. If he lives we shall know when next we meet; I never catch'd him in a lye, which is the best Qualification he has: But Colonel, did not you promise to introduce me to your *French* Mistress? What, this Lady *incog.* has not beat her out by the by, has she Colonel?

Rav. No, no, she maintains her Ground too well, there's more danger of my raising the Siege, than her beating the Chamade; she has so many retreats of Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, that without some lucky Accident toss a Granade into the Magazine of her Inclination, there'll be no hopes of the Town.

Cha. Storm then, Colonel, storm.

Rav. I rather chuse to block her up and starve her out, suffer no Admirer to enter; and if once a Woman of her temper want the Provision of Vanity, she surrenders of course.

Cha. An admirable Stratagem, but prithee let me see her before you put it in practice.

Rav. It shall be now, if you please, *Charles*.

Cha. With all my Heart: Is it far?

Rav. At that House, yonder.

Cha. Lead the way then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mar-plot.

Mar. Lead the way—where the Devil are they going? now can't I help having a violent desire to follow them, tho' I scap'd so narrowly in my last Project: Yonder they go, ha! they are enter'd already, that is no publick House I'm sure: Egad, may be it is some private Bourdell, or what business can both of 'em have at one House? Well, *Charles*, tho' you was so barbarous to desert me in my Afflictions, I won't serve you so, I'll not stir from this place 'till I see you safe out—Od, upon second thoughts I'll knock at the Door, and ask for him, perhaps three may be as welcome as two.

[*As he is going to knock, enter Isabinda in Boys Cloaths.*]

Isab. Ha! *Mar-plot* here, this is lucky. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Mar-plot*, fortunately met.

Mar. That's more than I can tell yet, for I don't know you, Sir.

Isab. Nor wou'd I have you, [*Aside.*] But you know those that do; can you tell me where Mr. *Charles Gripe* is to be found?

Mar. Ha! my Mind misgives me plaguily that this is an Envoy from the old Man's Wife, pray Heav'n he has never a Summons from my old Matron too; for tho' I comply'd with all she ask'd to purchase my Liberty, I am sure I shall have no Stomach to perform Articles. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Don't you hear me, Sir?

Mar. Yes, yes, Sir, I hear you—What the duce shall I say to him, he must not know that *Charles* is gone into yon House; for Women here, they say, are curst Jealous, and that may be a means to have his Throat cut. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Why don't you answer? where does he Lodge?

Mar. Where does he Lodge?—this must be some new Intreague, for doubtless t'other knows his Lodgings: Look ye, Sir, one good turn deserves another; let me know what business you have with him, and accordingly as I like it, your Question shall be answered.

Isab.

Isab. *Mar-plot* still, I find he's no changling. [*Aside*] Why then, Sir, if you must know, I have a Letter for him from a Lady who is desperately in love with him.

Mar. So, here's another Intreague popt into my Mouth. In Love with him? prithee dear Youth who is she? where does she live? What's her Name? Is she Maid, Wife, or Widow? Young, or Old? Black, Brown, or Fair? Short, or Tall? Fat, or Lean? this Country, or a Foreigner? quick, quick, quick my dear little Rogue, let me into the secret, and I'll carry thee to his Lodgings immediately——Egad this Discovery will make my peace with *Charles* compleatly.

Isab. I can only answer him these questions, Sir, I am no Blab, you must excuse me if I'm silent.

Mar. So must you me, Sir, I'm no Blab neither, Sir, if you go to that, I'd have you to believe I can keep my Friend's secrets when intrusted; I don't know his Lodgings, find them out as you can.

Isab. You are very short, Sir; I have nothing to say against your secrecy, but it wou'd be Impudence in me to run the hazard, besides forestalling your Friend's Generosity, he ought to have the disposal of his own secrets.

Mar. Ay, if it comes into his Hands once 'twill cost me more pains to find out? than 'tis worth.

Isab. Pains to find out? I hope you never endeavour to find out what other People wou'd conceal.

Mar. No? yes to chuse; why the duce shou'd any Man know more than my self? We came into the World alike, and I can see no occasion for his superior knowledge.

Isab. I admire you are not for levelling Estates too; how can you bear any Man to be richer than your self?

Mar. Oh with ease, my Wealth lies in my Mind, I had rather fathom the depth of a Man's Thoughts, than his Pockets; yet to show you I can suppress my Curiosity, let me read the Letter, and I'll excuse the rest.

Isab. It is as much as my Life's worth to open the Letter.

Mar. Pox take his Life——tell me what's in't then, or may I be carbonaded if you know his Lodgings. I'd give a Finger to have this Intreague rightly. [*Aside.*]

Isab. I must not let this Fellow know me, if I intend to conceal my being in *Lisbon*; I'll humour him a little, and try what discovery

discovery I can make. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, if you'll promise to be secret, I'll let you into this Affair.

Mar. Secret as a Priest, Child——Egad I shall have it, pray Heav'n *Charles* does not come out before he has done, if he shou'd I should be undone. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Why then the Lady I belong to, is a rich Merchant's Daughter, near the Convent of *Santo Vincente*, her Name is *Dona Cephisa*, she saw your Friend at Church, is extremely charm'd with him, and resolves to marry him.

Mar. Marry him! ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Lady! why now to return secret for your secret, he's Married already, but perhaps he may prick her down amongst the rest of his Mistresses: You understand me?

Isab. Too well——the rest of his Mistresses? has he such store then?

Mar. As many as he can well manage, I believe.

Isab. Oh my Heart, the danger of intreaguing in this place alarms my fears, and shocks my very Soul.

Mar. What I have said makes you thoughtful, I perceive; will no Body do but *Charles*? What think you of me?

Isab. Why really, Sir, were I a Woman, I shou'd prefer you before him, but I can't answer for my Lady; if you please I'll mention you.

Mar. Your most humble Servant, Sir,——Egad there may be new pleasure in having an Intreague of ones own, for ought I know, for I never had one in my Life. [*Aside.*]

Isab. But, Sir, there is one Article in our Agreement which you have not perform'd,

Mar. What's that?

Isab. Where your Friend lodges?

Mar. Why he lodges at yon green Windows, where if you have any Service from your Lady for your humble Servant, you'll find me there also.

Isab. Sir I kiss your Hand, I'll do my best to serve you. [*Ex.*]

Mar. Sir, I kiss yours——I'm glad he's gone before *Charles* came out; this is a Nonsensical Secret, tho' methinks I had rather know what the Colonel and he is doing in yon House---Shall I knock at the Door or not? If I shou'd, ten to one but I do Mischief---and shall be beaten again: To prevent which I'll wait within

within sight for their coming out, so when they are pass'd by, I may with more Security make my Enquiry.

S C E N E *Changes to Mademoiselle Joneton's Lodgings.*

She drest Fantastically modish, with her Sister Marton, and two other Ladies.

Mad. Susan, bring me the Glass.

Susan. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Mad. Don't I look wretchedly to Day, Sister?

Mart. Your looks are the same to Day they always are, I see no Difference.

Mad. How do you mean that, Sister? That I always look curfedly, or how?

Mart. She looks too well for my Ease, since she's belov'd by Colonel *Ravelin*. [*Aside.*] I'm sure your Vanity and Affectation does not put that Construction upon my Words, Sister.

Mad. Affectation! Ladies, pray what am I affected in? Nay, take the Glass away again.

[*Enter Susan with the Glass.*]

My Sister *Marton* says, I'm affected, so I will not look in't, to oblige her: Am I not very complisant, Ladies?

1. *Lad.* Mademoiselle *Joneton* is always so, I think you have the most agreeable manner of speaking—

Mart. Fye Madam, how can you do your Reason so much Violence, to commend the most ridiculous Humour that ever Woman took up, it must needs be agreeable to hear Words spun out to half an Hours length.

2. *Lad.* Well, I must own I like it in her extremely, I think there is a particular Grace in't.

Mart. Yes, it is something particular truly, sometimes to talk as fast as School-Boys read, and other some so slow, that we forget the Sense of the Argument before she has done speaking.

Mad. One wou'd really think my Sister of *Spanish* Production, she is so formal---I see no reason why one may not alter and change the Form and Manner of speaking, according to the Company one keeps, as well as the Mode and Fashion of one Clothes—Now when I converse with my own Sex, I love to indulge my self, and let my Words fall from me with Indolence and Ease, because their Conversation is insipid, and we only prattle away time.

Mart.

Mart. Insipid! Ha, ha, ha, pray what relish have the Mens beyond ours?

Mad. Oh, that Question is Preposterous——But you have no Taste Sister, you detest Mankind.

Mart. Ay, but the Colonel has found the way to Convert that Notion. [*Aside.*] I confess, Sister, I never cou'd see any thing in those lordly Creatures of force enough to make me submit blindly to their tyrannick Sway.

Mad. But there's a vast Pleasure in making them submit to ours, to make so fine a Gentleman as Colonel *Ravelin* obey my Nod, sigh, weep and kneel at ones Frown, then give him Raptures with a Smile. The Colonel! Oh! the most engaging Man alive---When he comes next you shall see him, Sister.

Mart. Not for the *Spanish Mines*---I am too well acquainted with the Colonel, which she must not know. [*Aside.*] Excuse me Sister, I shou'd only spoil your Conversation.

2. *Lad.* Does Madamoisel *Marton* hold her Resolution of a Monestery yet?

Mart. have not yet laid aside all Thoughts on't, Madam---tho' 'tis in the Colonel's Power to make me do it, I fear. [*Aside.*

Mad. Well, follow your own way, get up to a Six a Clock Mass, then stich till Dinner, tattle away your Hours with two or three silly Women, till *Vespers*; then work again till Bed-time, and have no Pleasure beyond a Dream.

Mart. Oh wou'd I cou'd retrieve that tranquil State, she talks of what I was. [*Aside.*] Every one to their Inclinations, Sister.

1. *Lad.* But pray inform me, Madamoisel *Joneton*, for I am very Ambitious of coping you, where lies the Magick in Men to alter your manner of speaking?

Mad. Desire to please sets all the Senses in a Ferment, and Inclination presses so hard upon the Faculty of Speech, that our Words hurry out with Precipitation, Vanity musters the Force of our Charms, and Pride leads us on the attack of our Wilhes, and a janty Variety of Airs compleat the Conquest.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Collonel *Ravelin* and another Gentleman to wait on you, Madam.

Mad. Bring 'em up; *une outer Galant.*

[*Rising in a hurry, and running to the Glass.*

Mart.

Mart. Ha! the Collonel, oh my Heart: I must be gone, I wou'd not have him know me for the World——Well, Sister, I'll leave you to your desirable Company. *[Exit.]*

Mad. Adieu, *ma Soer*——ah *Maria Mater!* how I look to day, *je suis lead comme le diable.*

Lad. We'll wait on you another time, Mademoisfel.

Mad. When you please, my dear Ladies. *[Ex. Ladies.]*

Enter Colonel Ravlin, and Charles.

Ah Monsieur le Colonel, *je suis ravi de vous voir.*

Rav. Ah Madmoisfel *Joneton,* *je meur tout le moment que je ete absant de vous.*

Mad. Ah *Cela galant,* ha, ha, ha, I have a most comical Story to tell you, ha, ha, ha; such an Amour, ha, ha, such a Letter, ha, ha, such a Conquest; *le pleaser une Chatulez,* ha, ha, ha.

Rav. Oh pleasant Ravishment, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mad. What is it that is so Ravishing, Colonel, in your Opinion? *[Very gravely.]*

Cha. Well Question'd.

Rav. Your Letter, Madam.

Mad. Then have you seen it, *ma chear* Colonel?

Rav. Not I, Madam, I depend upon your superior Judgment for the Merit.

Mad. Most politely said: You are certainly the best bred Man in Europe, Colonel.

Cha. I am sure this is the worst proof of his being so I ever knew him give. *[Aside.]*

Rav. You are certainly the most polite diverting charming Woman that ever told a Story; but pray proceed, Madam, the Letter, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mad. Oh ridiculous! a Letter from a High Dutch Servant; you shall hear it Colonel. *[Reads a Dutch Letter.]*

Ha, ha, ha, methinks it has a rumbling sound.

Rav. He makes Love like a Cannon, ha, ha.

Mad. *A mon Dieu!* What makes me so merry? I am sure I have cause enough to the contrary; my poor Paroquet is dead, Colonel.

Rav. Dead!

Mad.

Mad. Dead, it died upon my Hand, it talk'd and bus'd me to the last moment; oh my Heart is broke, oh, oh, oh, oh, [*Weeps.*

Cha. So she's resolv'd to play over all her tricks I see. [*Aside.*

Mad. Oh I can't contain my self when I think on't, oh, oh.

Rav. Oh unlucky Accident; give her Air.

Cha. In my Opinion she has already too much of that.

Rav. Mrs. Susan, loose her Lace; within there, bring some cold Water. [*Enter Servant with Water.*

She revives; for Heav'n's sake how do you do, Madam? Come, I'll procure you another Paroquet.

Mad. Oh not so divertisant, it had a thousand pretty Actions; one day as Monsieur le Markee de belle Jambe was entertaining me with a Recital of his Amours——ha, ha, ha, I have a pleasant Tale to tell you of him too, ha, ha, ha, he's marry'd, ha, ha, ha.

Cha. Upon the tinter again, deliver me from such a medley I say. [*Aside.*

Mad. To a thirty thousand Pound Fortune, ha, ha, but the Estate lies in *terra incognita*, I have recommended Imagination for his Steward, and Philosophy for his Equipage, ha, ha, ha.

Rav. The Marquiss let into the secret, ha, ha, pray who is the Lady that has done him the favour?

Mad. Oh my Stars what ails me? ah *Maria Mater*, the Room goes round.

Rav. A Chair there, Mrs. Susan; repose your self a little, Madam, 'tis only Vapours and will off again; these affectations in another I shou'd hate, but here I'm fated to the folly.

Cha. Most fantastical: the duce take me if I can bring my self to the Complacence of asking her how she does. [*Aside.*

Rav. How do you, Madam?

Mad. Oh much better, Colonel, 'tis impossible any Malady can stay long in your Company; I admire your Friend can be so melancholy with a Companion so diverting.

Cha. I confess the Colonel is of a singular good humour, Madam, for an *Englishman*; we, generally speaking, are dull heavy thinking Animals, not mov'd by the losing of a Father.

Mad. Most unpolite, such a Lover as this would make me as spleenetic as four score.

Rav. Alas, Madam, he's married.

Mad. Married! nay then I forgive him;---yet upon second thoughts, I won't neither, for he ought to have left his dogged Humours

Humours at home, and not stamp Wife in the Forehead of every Woman he meets.

Cha. He's mad that wou'd stamp any thing upon thee, I'm sure.
 [*Aside.*] Since I offend you, Madam, I humbly take my leave.
 [*Going.*]

Rav. I beg you wou'd excuse the bluntness of my Friend, Madam, he's a very honest Fellow. Oh that I cou'd look upon her with his indifference.
 [*Aside.*]

Mad. Oh fie Colonel, why that request? Your Friend is a fine Gentleman——*Mais je ne scay pas en qui*——Nay, you shan't go, Monsieur; you being a married Man, must understand every thing that belongs to our Sex.

[*Runs and pulls him back by the Coat.*]

Cha. Heav'n deliver me from the Study.
 [*Aside.*]

Rav. Ha, ha, ha; poor *Charles*, how he frets.
 [*Aside.*]

Mad. Here! give me your Opinion, how do you like these Cloaths?

Cha. As I like every thing else that belongs to them, Madam.

Mad. A very odd Expression that——but don't you think our *Airs plus Engageant*, than the Ladies in *England*, Monsieur? How did your Lady dress, to catch your Heart?

Cha. I never minded the *Airs* of her Person, Madam, she had other Charms for me.

Mad. This Fellow will give me the Hip confoundedly, if he goes on thus——What! she sings; I fancy you love singing, Monsieur——come I'll oblige you.
 [*Sings.*]

Rav. She resolves to teaze him.
 [*Aside.*]

Mad. Well, Monsieur, *Comment agrez vous cela?*

Cha. The Words are very pretty, Madam.

Rav. And your manner of singing extremely engaging.

Mad. That's not your Friend's Opinion, Colonel: He has certainly no Soul. If all his Sex were such mortifying Animals, what a number of fasting Days shou'd we have in the Kalender; we shou'd have no need of Indulgences, Pardons, and Penance; we shou'd live Saints, and dye without the fear of Purgatory.
 [*Aside.*]

Cha. Colonel, you'll excuse me if I leave you, for faith she has tired my Patience.
 [*Aside to Rav.*]

Rav. No, prithee tarry a little longer.

F

Mad.

Mad. What are you two whispering about? You shan't go 'till you have drank some Tea; *Susan*, get Water for Tea, and set the Table ready.

Susan. 'Tis ready in the next Room, Madam.

Rav. My Friend is a lover of Tea, and was just enquiring of me where I thought the best was to be got.

Cha. The Devil take his Excuse, now there is no getting off. [*Aside.*]

Mad. That I am Mistress of any thing worth his Admiration, is no small pleasure to me; I dare be vain to say, I can recommend him to the best in *Portugal*. Along Messieurs. Fa, la, la, lera lal.

[*Sings a Minuet, and Dances out.*]

S C E N E the Terriera de Passa.

Enter Mar-plot, solus.

Mar. They stay a cursed while, Egad I'll e'en ask for *Charles*; the Story this young Fellow brought of a Letter will be a rare excuse. [*Going up to the Door.*]

Enter a Bravo with a Letter.

Bravo. What Countryman are you, Sir?

Mar. Countryman, Sir? why I am an *Englishman*, Sir, I'm not ashamed of my Country.

Bravo. I have a Letter for an *Englishman*, but those that sent it don't know his Name.

Mar. From a Lady I warrant? Egad here's another Intreague of some Bodies pop'd in my way now; I've a good mind to own the Letter, open it and see what's in't; but if it shou'd come from the old Woman——Pray, Sir, does it come from Youth or Age?

Bravo. From Youth and Fire, I assure you.

Mar. Because I expect a Summons from a very beautiful young Lady my self.

Bravo. Your Description is just, Sir.

Mar. Say you so, Sir, why then I believe it is for your humble Servant, Sir. Discoveries come thick to day. [*Aside.*]
I am a lucky Dog, Faith.

Bravo. Not unlikely; there it is, Sir. [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Mar. Ah Colonel, ah *Charles*, what wou'd you give to be in my

my place now? But hang it, I'm good-natur'd, she shall fall to one of your shares, for I would not give a Half-penny for the finest Woman in *Lisbon*, for my own sake. [*Opens and reads.*] What's here? *The Reader is a Villain, and deserves to have his Throat cut.* Surprising! upon my Soul, Sir, this Letter does not belong to me. I am a lucky Dog now indeed.

Enter Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Upon my Soul, Sir, you lie. Draw Sirrah, or I'll rip your Guts up. [*Draws.*]

Mar. Draw, Sir? for what, Sir? Oh bloody-minded Wretch, what will come of me? [*Aside.*]

Don Lop. For opening the Letter, Villain.

Mar. Ah pox of my Curiosity——The Devil take the Letter, 'twas none of my seeking, the Fellow said it was for an *Englishman*, an, an, an I did not know but it might have been for me as well as another; I ask your Pardon with all my Heart.

Don Lop. Rot your Compliment; if it had come from my Sister it had been for you, Sir; therefore Draw, or by *St. Anthony*——

Mar. Sister! as I hope to be sav'd, Sir, I know never a Man's Sister in the Universe.

Don Lop. Cowardly Dog, [*beats him.*] dare to lie with a Man's Wife, and not dare to fight for her?

Mar. Mercy upon me, I lie with a Man's Wife? oh, Sir, you are the most mistaken in me that ever you was in your days, Sir; Upon my Faith, I never knew what Woman was, nay, Sir, I never car'd for a Woman, that's more——But indeed here is two or three Gentlemen of my Acquaintance very much given that way.

Don Lop. Is there so, Sir?

Mar. Oh exceedingly——now I won't swear it is not one of them. I wish I were fairly rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Don Lop. Your Safety depends upon your Information, let me know where to find them, and you shall live.

Enter Colonel Ravelin and Charles behind them.

Mar. Thank you heartily, Sir,——What a cursed Premenary I have brought my self into now, for Egad I'll not tell where *Charles* lives, if I dye for't——I'll, I'll, I'll tell him a wrong Place, I'm resolv'd.

Don Lop. Come, where do they lodge? What are you studying for, ha? [Slaps him.

Mar. I, I, I, I, can't think of the name of the Street for my Blood—it is, it is—what de ye call the Street when you turn the Corner of your right Hand, and then turn again of your left, and then again of the right, and so back by the left, an, an, an, so, an, an a cross the what de call 'em, an, an.

Don Lop. No equivocating, Sirrah.

[Holds the Sword to his Breast.

Charles. I thought it was *Mar-plot's* Voice. [Draws.

Rav. Since he lives, well preserve him. [Draws.

Mar. Ah, good Sir, I, I, I, I, I,—Ah *Charles*, dear *Charles*.

Rav. Guard your Life, Sir, or cease to insult this Gentleman.

[They beat off Don Lopez and the Bravo.

Mar. *Victoria! Victoria!* Faith Gentlemen you came in the lucky Minute, or I had been a dead Man.

Rav. Nay, in my Conscience I believe thou'lt never die in thy Bed. Which of your inquisitive Actions brought this upon you?

Cha. Was this your Chimney Adventure, or another?

Mar. No, faith this was another, about a damn'd Letter, and Cuckolding some Body, and debauching that *Spaniard's* Sister, and the Devil knows what; I wish one of you two is not at the bottom of this.

Rav. Ha, ha! come *Charles*, we'll to your Lodgings, where he shall give us the whole Relation of his Adventures.

Mar. With all Sincerity—and I have something else to tell you, *Charles*; there's a Lady in Love with you, and has sent you a Letter, but mum, you shall promise to let me into the Secret, or you shall know no more on't.

Cha. How brisk the Rogue is again already? I thought you might have had enough of Secrets.

Mar. Oh, the Mind you know is never satisfy'd.

Were all the Joys that Nature could bestow
Within my Power to taste, I'd rather know
What every Man endeavours still to hide;
And having that, wou'd care for nought beside.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Charles, Colonel Ravelin and Mar-plot.

Rav. **A** Very pretty Account, ha, ha, ha, what do you expect will be the end of your Curiosity, *Mar-plot*?

Mar. No good in this Country I fear, yet for my Blood I can't help it.

Cha. What, can't you help dogging People, and opening Letters of no Concern to you?

Mar. O my Soul, I have made Resolutions upon Resolutions to the contrary, but to no purpose; there is a tickling desire runs thro' my Veins, which is always craving as my Stomach---and makes these Discoveries as necessary as my Food. Tho' faith I never mean any harm---Why this Letter now, who the Devil dream'd of a consumed Challenge?

Rav. You shou'd always dream of the worst, Sir.

Mar. That's not my Maxim, Colonel; methinks ill luck comes fast enough. Look ye Gentlemen, 'tis as much your fault as mine, if you wou'd take me with you, or tell me the bottom of things, I shou'd trouble my Head no farther; but here you leave me in the Dark, and nothing to do, but entertain my Fears, which are strong for my Friends, and most of the Mischiefs I do, proceeds from my Concern for their Safety; and here I get thump'd and beaten for my good Intentions, and that's all, on every side.

Cha. And all you deserve; ha, ha, ha.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's a Gentleman below inquires for you, Sir; he has Business with you from *England*, he says, Sir.

Mar. From *England*! who the Devil can this be now? [*Aside.*

Cha. Bring him up.

Enter Isabinda.

Isab. I have a Letter and Packet for Mr. Charles Gripe.

Cha. I am the Person, Sir. *Robin*, reach a Chair; pray be pleas'd to sit, Sir.

[*Opens and Reads the Letter.*

Mar.

Mar. From *England*! Ha, ha, Sir, your humble Servant; why this is the very Gentleman I told you of, *Charles*---So, so, well, well, and how does *Donna Cephisa*? What, she will have him then, and no Body else? ha? What does she say to you, *Charles*? Ha? How does she write, Ha? Nay, egad you shall let me into this Business, Mun--- for I have been chief Promoter of it I am sure, therefore no shuffling, *Charles*---

Cha. No, no, I scorn it, *Mar-plot*; there read, read.

[*Throws him the Letter.*]

Mar. Why that's civil now---Let me see how these *Spanish* Dames express themselves---My dearest Life---*Humph*---As frank and fond, as if it came from an Inhabitant of *Covent-Garden*, egad---I hope this will find you safely arriv'd in *Lisbon*---Ha, *Lisbon*---Why what the Devil does she mean? Lets see what's at bottom: From your ever loving Wife, *Isabinda Gripe*. A murrain Gripe you---Pish, Pox, I wonder'd you was so ready to show it me indeed.

[*Throws it down.*]

Cha. Ha, ha, what does not the Secret please you?

Mar. Please a Fiddle-stick; why what did this young Dog mean? Egad I wish *Charles* would beat him for the Disappointment.

[*Aside.*]

Cha. to *Isab.*] Pardon my Memory, Sir, I have seen your Face somewhere, but cannot recollect where.

Isab. Heav'n continue his Ignorance. [*Aside.*] Very likely, Sir, I have liv'd most of my time in this Place.

Mar. Ay; why how in the Name of Wonder did he come by this Letter then?

[*Aside.*]

Isab. A Factor to my Uncle, Sir *Francis Tradewell*, from whom I receiv'd that Pacquet, with Orders to deliver it to you.

Mar. Oh, so it came.

[*Aside.*]

Cha. I know Sir *Francis* very well, and for his sake, Sir, shou'd be proud of being better acquainted with you.

Isab. Sir, you Honour me---

Mar. Pies of his Acquaintance, I say.

[*Aside.*]

Rav. I hope your Lady's well, *Charles*.

Cha. At your Service, Colonel---She has sent the Papers I told you I forgot; now I shall-dispatch my Business very quickly, she longs to see me, she says---'tis a Poor good-natur'd Tit, and I lov'd her heartily till I married her; but whether her Overfondness, or the easy Access every Man has to his Wife, takes off the edge
of

of my Appetite, but methinks I see her not with half that desire I us'd to do, when I scal'd her Window for a Kifs, the Memory of it still is Pleasant.

Mar. Ay! my Shoulders remember that time too.

Isab. Ungenerous Declaration, 'tis very unjust in my Opinion to flight the thing that loves you, I'm sure 'tis what I cou'd not do.

Mar. I fancy you never try'd the Matrimonial strength of Inclination yet, Sir, therefore can be no Judge: Nature abhors Constraint.

Rav. Ay, ay, Inconstancy is a fault in Nature, and who can help it?

Cha. Right, Colonel! and when you marry Mademoisel *Flutter* yonder, you'll have a Proof of what I say.

Mar. Mademoisel *Flutter*, who's she? I never heard of her before. [*Aside.*]

Rav. Let her look to that---I thought *Charles's* Wife had been a Favorite of yours, Mr. *Mar-plot*, but I don't hear you make the least Inquiry after her Health.

Mar. Look ye, Colonel, I hate to be baulk'd, for that puts every thing out of ones Head---Hark ye, what did you mean by telling me such a confounded Story upon the *Terriera de Passe*, of a rich Merchant's Daughter *Dona Cephisa*, and I can't tell who? What, was it all but a sham then?

Isab. Why really, Sir, you was so inquisitive, that I had no other way to dismiss you, and it is not my Custom to let one Man into the Affairs of another.

Rav. Poor *Mar-plot*, thou art baulk'd every way; ha, ha.

Mar. Well, there was never good times since this shuffling and lying came in Fashion. [*A Letter ty'd to a Stone, is toss'd in at the Window, Charles takes it up and Reads to himself.*]

Mar. Ha day! Where the Devil came that from?

[*Runs to the Window,*

Isab. *seeming to look out.*] I fancy it came from that Fellow which looks up yonder, there is no Body else near---Ha, my Eyes deceive me, or he belongs to some Body in the House where I lodge---I'll home, and make the best Observation I can in this matter. Ah, poor *Charles*, these Courses are more dangerous than thou art aware of; I'll not discover my self yet, perhaps I may satisfy my Curiosity better as I am. [*Aside.*]

Rav.

M A R - P L O T.

Rav. An Assignment, *Charles*; send thee better Fortune than last time.

Cha. 'Tis from the same Woman, Colonel---No, no, 'tis only some roguish Boy, tossing Stones about in Pieces of his Copy-Book.

Mar. Humph, but that sham won't take tho'. [*Aside.*

Isab. Oh well dissembl'd---Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

Cha. Sir, I hope I shall have the Honour to see you here again.

Isab. Sir, the Honour will be mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Ravelin's Servant.

Rav. The Trap-door is unbolted, Colonel. [*Half aside.*

Mar. What's that of a Trap-door now? Ods heart here's two confounded Intreagues on Foot, and I'm out at both, and they'll be hang'd before they'll let me into one of them. [*Aside.*

Rav. I'll be there immediately. [*Exit Servant.*

Mar. Where, Colonel? I wish I cou'd spilt my self in half now, that I might follow them both.

Rav. Again at your Impertinence? Ha, ha.

Cha. He can't help it for his Soul---Tho' we take different Posts, Colonel, I fancy 'tis one and the same Action, Prosperity to yours.

Rav. The same to thine. Mr. *Mar-plot*, Adieu.

Mar. What shall I do between both? Pox on't, 'tis very unlucky---Then you won't let me into the Secrer, Colonel?

Rav. Positively no. [*Exit.*

Mar. Nay, nay, nay, *Charles*, you won't both leave me, will you? [*Catches hold of Charles.*

Cha. Indeed, *Mar-plot*, I have extraordinary Business.

Mar. Do but tell me what it is, nay, tell me but something relating to't, and I am satisfy'd.

Cha. Why then to be ingenious, the Letter which was to's'd in is a Challenge, and I am going to seek for a Second; now if you cou'd Fight, you'd save me the Labour.

Mar. Ah, the Devil take it, that I never learn'd to Fence--- Why did you not engage the Colonel?

Cha. Because I saw he had Affairs of his own to pursue.

Mar. What wou'd I give for Courage now---Pies on't, what is it that makes Men so stout? Egad I'm ready to weep to think I can't serve my Friend, I have the Theory of fighting, methinks--- I only want the practick Part.

Cha. So, I have found the way to drop him at last---Well, I hope you are satisfied. *Mar.*

Mar. Satisfied? no faith, *Charles*, I am not satisfied; ods Life, I'll tell you what I can do, I'll Charge my brace of Pocket Pistols, and shoot him —— if you will.

Cha. Oh fye, there's a dishonourable Action indeed.

Mar. The Devil take Honour; when Life's concern'd, what will a Man get by't?

Cha. I have not time at present to clear that Question, farewell. [Exit.

Mar. Farewel! Egad 'twou'd be faring very ill tho' if he shou'd be kill'd. I wish I knew where to find Colonel *Ravelin*--- Oh Lord, oh Lord; I never thought to ask *Charles* where this Duel was to be fought, and then whither cou'd I send him? Well thought on, yonder he goes, I'll follow till I fix him, and then I'll soon call Company enough to part them----Egad I love my Friend, as I love my Life. [Exit.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Charles with a Rope-ladder, Mar-plot at a distance.

Cha. Let me see, she has chang'd her Appartment, she has sent me Word—— Her Window now is over the Door, this must be it. [Throws up his Ladder, which falls down again.

Enter Margaritta.

Mar. Humph, I see what kind of Challenge it is now; a Man must have a rare fighting Stomach, that will scale the Window of his Antagonist.

Marg. Here, here, Senior, the Coast is clear, come in at the Door boldly, my Lady is all Impatience to see you.

Cha. Mine is the greatest; in, in my Dear. [Exit.

Mar. [*Sings.*] Ah, put her in mind how her time steals on--- Oh, *Charles*, the Devil a Second did you want; that was only a sham to get rid of me. Ha, ha, ha, how comically things jump in my way? I'll secure the Ladder tho' for him; this is a great House, but whose it is, is the Query? If I thought I shou'd not have my Bones broke, I wou'd make bold to Enquire——Who

Enter behind him Don Perriera, and Don Lopez.
have we here? They seem in deep Consultation——Oh bless me,

one of them is the Bloody-minded *Spaniard*, egad it is not safe to be seen.

[*Exit between the Scenes.*]

Don Per. I have done all you order'd me to a tittle, and have taken leave of my Wife for three Days, under pretence of Business at *St. Ubes*.

Don Lop. That's well. I can't find who this Villain is, but I warrant we shall have him fast enough. Now do you return, and cunningly convey your self into the Antichamber-closet, there lye conceal'd, he'll not be long absent, if he's not there already; in the mean time I'll wait in the Street, with two or three trusty Fellows, that shall dispatch him if he falls in our way.

[*Exit.*]

Don Per. And if I find my self a Cuckold, fire, blood and brimstone, if I catch 'em, I'll send them both to the Devil.

[*Exit into the House.*]

Mar-plot comes forwards.

Mar. Mercy upon me, what an Oath was that? Why certainly, they think Murder a venial Sin here, and make no more of killing a Man, then cracking a Nut. This is certainly *Charles* which they threaten, for the old *Cacademon* is gone into that House; which way shall I give *Charles* notice of his danger? I have a good mind to cry our Fire; ay, but when they find there is no such thing, they may burn me perhaps—Hark, I hear some Body coming, 'gad I shall be beat again.

[*Exit. Enter on the other side.*]

My Fear hears double, I think, I can see no Body——O! I'll make use of this Ladder; he talk'd her Apartment was over the Door, so that perhaps I may give him warning at the Window, and he may come down the same way——Oh lord, which is the House, now? Is it this, or this, I wonder; choke me if I can tell what a blundering Sot was I not to take better notice, this must be it certainly, [*Seems to throw up the Ladder between the Scenes, and Exit.*] Heav'n send me good luck, for I tremble horribly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE draws and discovers *Marron's Apartment.*

She and Colonel Ravelin.

Rav. Nay this is starving a Man in the sight of Plenty; how many times have you put me off with Excuses and fair Promises

Marron

Mart. And how often have you sworn Constancy, Colonel?

Rav. Why you won't give me leave to be constant, my Dear; let me once possess, and then.

Mart. And then Mademoiselle Joneton's Charms will be sufficient to excuse the Perjury.

Rav. Ha! how does she know my Pretensions there? I fancy I shall have warmer business by and by than I expected. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Be not surpriz'd at my knowledge of that Affair, nor apprehensive of the least danger, tho' I know you love her, spight of all her Affectation, she's the darling Mistress of your Soul, yet you are safe, I scorn those poor Revenges which my Sex too often take; 'tis the Heart, not the Life, I'd make my Prize.

Col. Generously said, — But you are misinform'd, Madam. I'll carry it off if possible — She's handsome, and I don't find my Love to the other renders me incapable of a Compliment to this. [*Aside.*]

Mart. She has too much Vanity, Colonel, to keep your Passion a Secret, and it is dishonourable in you to deny your Love.

Rav. Humph! Look you, Madam, I am a true Protestant, and have a mortal Antipathy to Confession; I bear the Queen's Commission, and will entertain all that will fairly list under me; then let me have no more of these little Jealousies; I'll make as good Provision for thee as for any Lady in *Portugal*, so prithee let's come to a right Understanding; if thou art plagu'd with an old superannuated Husband, who wants a young Fellow to aid and assist him, here he stands; if thou'rt a Widow, and wants one to manage the Affairs of Love, I'll give you my word you can't have a better; I'm an Arithmetician, as well as a Soldier, and can cast Account as fast as any Man: And if thou'rt a Virgin, Egad I'm as good an Engineer. [*Embracing her.*]

Mart. You have mistaken your Plan, and may raise the Siege, Colonel, for you'll ne'er carry the Town this way; I own I love you, and if I said with more Sincerity than she, I fancy I shou'd not injure her Passion; my Birth's as noble, my Fortune not less; you give me some Proofs indeed, that my Person falls short of her Charms to engage the Heart of Colonel *Ravelin*.

Rav. Thy Person? thy Person is a charming Person, and my Heart, and all the rest of the Appurtenances, are at thy Service, my Dear; thy Birth and Fortune are things indifferent, so no more to be said about them. [*Hugging her.*]

Mart.

Mart. Will you marry me then?

Rav. Ah! what a Turn's there? Who cou'd have thought, after thy manner of proceeding, thou wou'dst have ask'd such Security; why thou art an Usurer in Love, but prithee use a Conscience; don't expect a Man to be a Slave all his life. Marriage! why what confounded Extortion is that! ods heart thou art more mercenary than an Agent; look ye, Madam, I'll give you Heart for Heart, and I think that good lawful Int'rest, and thou shalt have my Body for performance of Articles.

Mart. Ah, Colonel, you'll bring a *Habeas Corpus*, and remove it as soon as the Campaign begins. I don't like these Prisoners at large.

Rav. And great Souls hate Restraint.

Mar-plot in the Balcony.

Mar. I have him faith——ah, how close they are, Egad, it grieves me to part 'em—but there is no help for't—Fly, *Charles*, fly, there's the Devil and all of Plots against you—here, here, give me your hand, come this way thro' the Window.

Mart. Oh! a Man at my Window! oh! my Reputation is undone for ever.

[Faints into a Chair.]

Rav. How's that? a Man? *[Looks up and sees Mar-plot.]*

Mar. The Devil! the Colonel!—Zounds, I am certainly bewitch'd—I, I, I, had as good fall into the Hands of *Turks* and *Tartars*. O Lord, O Lord, my Ladder is gone, what shall I do now?

Rav. Mar-plot. S'death you Son of a Whore, I'll make an Example of you, to all inquisitive Rascals in the Universe.

[Strikes at him with his Sword.]

Mar. Ah, Colonel, for Heav'n's sake save my Life; upon my Soul you'll make me break my Neck, for I hang only by my Hands; may I be slic'd into Collops, if I knew any thing of your being here; certainly I am the most unfortunate Fellow breathing.

Rav. Zounds come down Sirrah, and cease your bawling, or I'll shoot you thro' the Head.

[Pulls out a Pocket Pistol.]

Mar. Oh, oh, oh, I will, I will, I will, dear Colonel,

[Comes down.]

Rav. runs to Marton.] For Heav'n's sake, Madam, don't be frighted! 'tis an honest foolish Fellow of my Acquaintance, there's no danger of your Reputation, my Angel.

Enter

Enter Mademoiselle Joneton.

Mad. What Noise was that? ha! what do I see? My Sister and the Colonel? ah, ah! *[Faints.]*

Rav. Confusion! she here? I'm betray'd: What, ho, within there.

Mart. Ha! my Sister! nay then I'm compleatly wretched. *[Aside.]*

Mar. Nay, now we shall be murder'd—Oh Lord, what do you mean by calling out, Colonel?

Rav. S'death, what did you mean, Rascal, by coming here? This Mischief is all owing to you. I have a good mind to cut your Throat. *[Runs to Marton.]* Madam, Madam; ods heart was ever Man in this condition? What shall I do between 'em? Run Sirrah, and call some Body. *[Kicks him.]*

Mar. Lord, Colonel, have a little Patience; see, see, she revives.

Mad. Is this your Reservedness, this your Modesty, this your hating Mankind, Sister?

Rav. How's that, her Sister? I have made a fine piece of work, Faith: Rascal, I cou'd find in my Heart to beat your Eyes out. *[Boxes him.]*

Mar. Look ye, Colonel, be merciful, and if I don't bring all this business off clear, I'll forfeit my Neck, that's all.

Rav. Hang your Contrivance; nothing prospers you have a Hand in.

Mad. You have decent Inclinations for a Nun; you had a mind for a taste of the World before you left it, Sister.

Mart. The World—the World is surfeited with your Impertinence, and I wou'd avoid tasting what may breed a fever.

Mad. Why, what an Inundation of Mistresses has this Colonel? *[Aside.]*

Mart. If he is so good a Physician, how comes yours to rage so high, Madam? Methinks you are delirious——

Mad. It wou'd not be amiss to confirm your Opinion——

[Goes to strike her a Box on the Ear, but Col. Ravelin stops her Hand.]

Rav. Hold, hold, hold, Madam; for Heav'n's sake, Ladies, let's have no Petticoat War.

Mar.

Mar. Ay! See what Example does, Colonel; Egad, Boxing's as catching as the Small-Pox——Nay, pray Madam let it go round——od if I were a Woman, I cou'd Box titely, but a pox on these Swords, they Spitchcock a Man in a Moment.

Mart. Did not your Temper carry a Punishment in its self, I should return the Favour you design'd me.

Mar. Shou'd! And won't you Madam? Egad, I'd fain see them pull one anothers Coifes.

Rav. Dog, mischievous Toad.

[Kicks him.

Mar. Oh your most humble Servant, Colonel—I wish your Toes were not quite so Complaisant. Their Intrigues tumble comically in my way——But egad, I pay a tragical price for my Knowledge.

Rav. Whatever Face this Accident may wear, Madam, give me leave to clear my self——upon Honour——I have not——

Mad. Cease your odious Excuses, in vain you endeavour to be well with me—and the civillest Action you can do, is to quit the Room——

Mar. That we shall immediately Madam; upon my Soul, it was no design of ours to come into it, for to be plain with you Ladies, I am only in fault, and yet not in fault neither, for you must know that I luckily, or unluckily, as it may fall out——

Rav. What, in the name of *Jupiter*, is he a going to say?

Mar. Chanc'd to over-hear a Quarrel between a Friend of ours and a *Portuguese*; the latter was foil'd in the Duel, and fled into your Neighbourhood here; but our Friend being a mettld Fellow, pursu'd him into the very House. Seeing that, Madam, away ran I, and call'd this Gentleman to his Assistance; but finding every Door shut, and being very impatient to succour our Friend, as I told you, Madam, we resolv'd to scale the Window; but for want of taking good Notice, we mistook the House, it seems, and so happen'd in here. The Sight of two Men at the Window surpriz'd that Lady, and threw her into Fits——Compassion for the Sex made the Colonel fall foul upon me——And so this created the Bustle, which brought you, Madam; an, an, an, so, so, so, an, an, that's all, Madam——Pray Heav'n this brings us off.

[Aside.

Mart. Excellent Fellow!

[Aside.

Rav. The Dog deserves to be forgiven for this plausible Pretence; I'll strike in with him——This is matter of Fact,

La-

Ladies ; yet sure there is a Fate in all I do, which guides my Steps still towards something that relates to you.

Mad. Well there is a Beauty in that Expression, 'twas a surprising Accident,—Can you forgive my rash Suspicions, Sister?

Rav. And our unlucky Adventure—— What induces me to hope your Pardon, is your being related to this Lady, whose good Humour cancels all Faults as soon as acknowledg'd—— for her sake then.——

Mart. Ungrateful! For her sake! Methinks I hate him now, nay, hate my self for indulging a foolish Passion, equally destructive to my Ease and Fame——that has reduc'd me to this low Contempt, but with this Breath I banish the soft Passion from my Breast, and will this moment reassume my former Resolution.

Mad. You seem out of Humour, Sister.

Mart. Have I not Reason, but 'tis past; the Gentleman wou'd be forgiven for your sake, but I forgive him for my own, resolving to let nothing ruffle that Calmness with which my Soul's possess'd at present, for this Day shuts me from the World and you for ever.

Mar. What does she mean by that now? But Colonel, *Charles* will be kill'd——

Rav. Hush, hush, enough, the Jest will grow stale. 'Tis pity so much Youth and Beauty should be sacrificed to a Cloyster, for if I apprehend you right, 'tis that you mean, Madam.

Mar. I wish they were both there, so that *Charles* was but out of Danger. [*Aside.*]

Mart. 'Tis only there I can my Peace retrieve,
Where seeing nothing, nothing can deceive :
Shut from your sight, my Wishes I'll controul,
Imure my Body, to preserve my Soul. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Turn Nun! Who wou'd have thought it? So, there's an end of one Intreague.

Mad. Some forty years hence, perhaps, I may follow her Example——

Mar. Upon my Soul Colonel, *Charles* is in danger.

Rav. What do you mean? 'Sdeath I'll toss you out the same way you came in, you long to spoil all again——

Mar. Spoil the Devil—— I tell you, he is in one of these Houses, I saw him go in, and heard an old Cuckold swear what

he'd do if he caught him with his Wife; and then egad went into that very House. My eagerness to give *Charles* notice of the Danger, tumbled me a top of you, a pies on't; and tho' I have brought you off, you are for tossing me out at Window. Egad I think no Man meets such barbarous returns for his good Nature, as I do.

Rav. Nay, if *Charles* is really in Danger, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Mr. *Mar-plot*.

Mad. What is this Consultation about? *Et bein Monsieur*, who are you thinking of?

Rav. Of you, Madam: Inclination and Honour holds Dispute, Inclination chains me to your Presence, but Honour calls me to the rescue of my Friend: And I hope his Distress will excuse my abrupt Departure. Adieu, *ma chéar ange*.

Mad. And will you then precipitate your self into danger? This Gentleman will go——

Mar. She's very charitably inclin'd towards me, I thank her.
[*Aside.*]

Mad. Won't you, Sir?

Mar. Why look ye Madam, I, I, I will go with all my Heart, but, but, but, but,

Rav. But a single Arm is weak Assistance, where the danger is so strong——besides it would be a Reflection upon mine Honour——You are my Guardian Angel, if you smile I shall return in safety.
[*Exit.*]

Mar. Faith is the main Point of Religion: Pray take me into your Protection too, Madam.
[*Exit.*]

Mad. So, he is gone then; now wou'd not I give a Dish of Tea for a Lover that I could not make sacrifice every thing to me. These *Englishmen* have too much Sense to make Husbands on:

*For only he shou'd to our Sex be dear,
Who from a Look is capable of Fear.
The Man of Courage lords it every where.*

}

SCENE

SCENE, The Inside of *Dona Perriera's* House.

Dona Perriera and Charles at Supper, Margaritta waiting.

Dona Per. I like the Description you have given me of *England* extreamly, and envy the pleasant Life your Ladies live. Here's a Health to their Husbands ; I wish they cou'd teach ours their Complaisance.

Cha. We had rather teach their Wives, Madam, who have much more Docility: But here's to their Conversion.

Dona Per. We! Why are you in the Number of marry'd Men?

Cha. I have a Breviat to act as one, Madam, in the Absence of your Husband, if it is not your Fault. Come, my Angel, we shall be interrupted again.

Dona Per. Why? you have no more Friends to come down the Chimney, have you?

Marg. If you have, I wash my Hands of him ; no more Deliverance from me, I assure him. I hate to have a Scheme baulk'd that is so well laid.

Cha. No, no, *Seniora Margaritta*: What I apprehend is the Return of your Master.

Dona Per. He's safe for three Days, which time I expect you pass with me. I have several Doubts to be resolv'd, and as many Articles to make, e'er I give my self entirely to your Power.

Cha. What Agreements are we to make, I wonder? This Intrigue will end very foolishly, I foresee that. [*Aside.*] All Secrets, I suppose. The next Room is more private, I fancy ; there I'll do my Endeavour to solve your Scruples.

Dona Per. *Margaritta*, bring in the Wine.

Cha. Well thought on.

*The amorous Feast of Cupid soon wou'd cloy,
If Bacchus did not joyn the fainting Boy.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. And is it then true at last? Am I a Cuckold? Oh Vengeance! Vengeance! Oh *Anthony*, thou Guardian Saint of
H Lif.

Lisbon, give me Patience; let me have Christian Charity upon their Souls, for I shall have no Mercy upon their Bodies. I have sent for two Priests to take their Confessions, and then they die: Here I'll wait their Coming; shou'd I enter, my Eyes wou'd let loose my Revenge too soon: 'Tis enough that I have them secure, and that my Ears have heard a Man's Voice with this vile Adultress.

*But since such Pleasure in his Arms she proves,
Death shall join her unto the thing she loves.*

[Exit.

S C E N E changes to the *Terriera de Passa*.

Enter Isabinda sola.

Isab. As I suspected, he is here in this House; thro' the Sovereign Power of Gold I have discover'd all; but for my Ease, wou'd I had been ignorant still. Vice, thou ugliest Picture of the Soul, by what Power dost thou charm, and lull asleep the Dictates of a Conscience? And who can boast of Honour, that starts not at the Breach of Vows? Who have we here?

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Methinks I never went so heavily of an Errand in my Life: I am sorry for this *Englishman*, and heartily sorry for my Mistress; for, to give her her due, she is the best-natur'd Woman to her Servants living: And, faith, I can't blame her for loving this Gentleman better than that old gouty, ptificky, crook-back'd, covetous Hunks my Master.

Isab. Ha! this is the Servant which I brib'd. Of what Errand is he sent? [Aside.

Lor. What Saint shall I invoke, to save this wretched Pair? I know St. *Anthony* is engag'd on *Don Perriera's* Side—— Let me see, there is some She-Saint that has been a Sinner this way her self; if I cou'd think of her Name, she'd be the fittest Person to do their Business.

Isab. Their Business! Oh, my boading Heart foretels some Mischief. *Lorenzo*——

Lor. Ha! who's there?

Isab.

MAR-PLOT.

11

Isab. 'Tis I, fear not: What is the Cause of your Complaint?

Lor. Oh! is it you, Senior? Oh, your Country-man's undone. My Master, pretending to go to *St. Ubes* for three Days, conceal'd himself in the House unknown to every body, and has discover'd all. I'm sent this Moment for two Monks from the Convent of *Sante Vincente* to confess the Criminals, and then you know what follows.

Isab. Death! Oh Distraction! which, oh, which way, ye Powers, shall I save this perjur'd Man?

Lor. Ay, dear Sir, think, if it be possible.

Isab. Oh *Charles*! little dost thou think how dear thy unlawful Joys are purchas'd; three Lives for a momentary Bliss: For, in spite of all the Cause that thou hast given me, thou'rt still as dear as Virtue to my Soul, and Life without thee is not to be born. Oh, hear me Heav'n, that knows my chaste Desires, and pity the Distress that tears my Breast; instruct me how to ward this fatal Blow, and save a Man that may return to thee. Ha! methinks I feel the inspiring Thought, and Hope begins to feed the Springs of Life——*Lorenzo*, first bring the Priests to me. If you perform this Business with Success and Secrecy, I'll double twice this Sum.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Lor. May I meet the Fate design'd for them, if I'm not faithful to you. [Exit.

Isab. If by this Plot I save this perjur'd Man,
I give the greatest Proof of Love that Mortal can. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Isabinda in a Perriwig and Night-gown, and two Priests; a Sword lying upon the Table.

1 *Priest.* **P**Lead not for Adultery; wou'd you have us draw a Scandal on our Function?

2 *Priest.* All we can do is to set the Criminals right in their Journey to the other World, Son.

Isab. Oh, 'tis a long Journey, Fathers; and who shall bring you word how they arrive? Tell me, even you who purchase

Heav'n daily by your Prayer, to sell and canton out as you think fit, how wou'd you receive a Summons of this Nature? Wou'd sudden Death appear a welcome Guest?

1 *Priest*. The Innocent can never fear to die. Had he, for whom you plead, liv'd free from Guilt, Death wou'd appear no formidable Enemy.

2 *Priest*. Suffer us to discharge our Office, or we must leave you. [Going.]

Isab. Oh, my tortur'd Soul! if they go, *Charles* is lost for ever. [Aside.] He that treads this way treads upon his Death.

[Runs and catches up the Sword, draws, and gets between them and the Door.]

1 *Priest*. Ha! *St. Vincent* defend us.

Isab. Not all the Saints your Calendar can boast shall save you, except you save my Brother; your Innocence can never fear to die——

And tho' your Souls will know no Pity here, when I've discharg'd 'em from those heavy Carcasses, they may prove a Convoy to these Strangers. You who daily trade with Heav'n, must surely know the Road.

2 *Priest*. Hold, hold—— if we thought this Matter cou'd be done with Safety, and that it was Charity to save them——

Isab. That it is Charity, let this demonstrate—— Here's 200 *Moydres* to be employ'd in charitable Uses.

[Gives him a Purse.]

Perhaps the Prayers of such whom you relieve
May pull a Blessing from offended Heav'n,
And this poor guilty Pair may find Forgiveness.

1 *Priest*. This is a Youth of excellent Parts.

2 *Priest*. A Favourite of *St. Vincent's*, I warrant, he's so charitable. Well, Son, seeing you so well inclin'd, we do consent, propose the way: Take care you do not expose us——

Isab. I'll tell you my Design within, 'tis free from Hazard, or may the Punishment design'd for them be mine. I'll follow you, Fathers.

[Exeunt Priests.]

O'er all Degrees of Men Gold bears à Sway,
Where all Entreaties fail, Gold finds the way;
Be thou propitious, Heav'n, and bless the Scheme I lay.

[Exit.]

SCENE,

SCENE, Don Perriera's House.

Don Perriera *solus*.

Don Per. What a cursed while this Rascal stays; if he comes not instantly my Rage will get the better of my Reason, and I shall dispatch the foul Adulterers without Confession.

Enter Lorenzo, and Isabinda in Priests Habit, and one of the Priests with her.

Lor. I have obey'd your Orders, Senior, here are the Priests.

Don Per. But very slowly, Hang-dog. [Strikes him.

[Ex. Lor.

Priest. Peace be to you, Son.

Don Per. That's not your Business, Father; try if you can administer Peace to my salacious Wife and her young *Amouretta* within there; but do you hear, Fathers? Dispatch the Business of their Souls as speedily as I will that of their Bodies: But if Heav'n has no more Mercy than I shall have, your Labours might have been spar'd.

Priest. Speak not so irreligiously——Which is the Room? Keep your distance. [Ex. Priest and Isabinda.

D. Per. Make haste then, or I shall take your Work out of your Hands. Now let me consult my instruments of Death, for I'll have no bounds in my Revenge. I'll, I'll, I'll, flea 'em alive. [Exit.

Scene draws and discovers Dona Perriera and Charles.

Dona Per. Is it the unreasonableness of my Request, or the smallness of your Respect, that causes this Hesitation, Senior? Sure if I give my self intirely to your Arms, I may deserve to be freed from the Embraces of a Wretch I hate. I'll not be chargeable to you in my Passage, I have Jewels of considerable Value to defray that Expence; I insist upon a Promise, that you will convey me to *England*, and then I am yours.

Cha. Why then to deal ingeniously, Madam, I am married in *England*, and shan't well know how to bestow you there----- But whilst I am here, Child, I am thine——

Enter Isabinda and Priest.

Dona Per. Ah! *Maria mater, dic ora pro nobis*, [Crossing herself.] Oh, we're undone, this hour is our last.

Cha. Laying his Hand on his Sword.] Ha! What are you? *Priest.*

Priest. Our Habits show what we are, and your Guilt what you have need of.

Cha. Priests! Nay, then our condition is worse than I expected. [*Dona Per. Runs and falls on her Knees.*]

Dona Per. Oh, confess me straight, my Soul is taking flight already; I see a thousand dire revengeful Fiends hovering o'er me, and watching all to catch it in the Air. Oh save it Father by your Holy Prayers, for in you only all my Comforts center.

Isab. Come Son, consider the great Work you have to do, Death waits without, therefore examine your self within.

Cha. The Work must be all my own, Father, I have no occasion for a Journey-man, so you may spare your Pains.

Isab. How, a Heretick! alas poor Soul, how much it troubles me.

Cha. Pray good Father express your trouble some where else, I have no Faith in your living Doctrine, and resolve to have nothing to do with you in Death, therefore don't trouble me—Is there no way to escape, and must I die cowardly? No, that I will not, [*Draws*] the first that enters dies; I'll have Company at least.

Isab. A weak Defence, alas, shou'd I desert him——Put up your Sword, in pity to your Ignorance, and in hopes of Converting you to the true Faith, I'll deliver you from this hazard.

Cha. But can you save her too?

Isab. How Son! Is this a time to dream of future Pleasures?

Cha. I'll give you mine Honour, Father, never to see her more; but as I am Partner in the Guilt, I wou'd not have the Punishment be only hers.

Isab. Well, I'll endeavour to preserve her too; observe my Orders well, turn your Face, here put on this Garment, my Brother there will conduct you to a place of safety, where I desire you'll wait till I come; look not behind you, nor speak as you pass the Husband of that Lady.

Cha. This Priest is an honest Fellow, [*Puts on the Cloaths.*] nothing like the Habit of Sanctity to cover close Designs, I shall observe your Directions most religiously, Father.

Priest. Come Son, your Hand——Madam, I leave you one to comfort your Distress. [*Exeunt Priest and Charles.*]

[*Scene shuts, then draws and discovers Don Perreira Lissening.*]

Don Per. How still they are at Confession, I fancy the Penance I shall enjoin them, will quicken their Voice. So,

Enter Priest and Charles.

So your parts are done then, Fathers? Now for mine.

Priest. Done! I'm afraid Son, you are not right in your Senses, you have given us the trouble of coming to confess two Adulterers, you said, but how you can make two Women such; I leave to you, for there is no Male thing in that Room by my Priesthood; take care you put no more Affronts upon our Cloth.

[*Exit.*

Don Per. Women! I'm amaz'd! Women! Egad I'm ravish'd, transported, nay, translated methinks above the Stars; I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, od I know not what I am, I'm so glad to find my self no Cuckold——Ah, but how shall I look my Wife in the Face tho', for having blam'd her wrongfully? Ay, there's the Devil now——Pox take her Brother for instilling these Jealousies into my Head, I fear she will never forgive me——and indeed 'tis more than I deserve——Oh, that ever I should suspect her Virtue.

[*Exit.*

The Scene draws and discovers Dona Perriera on her Knees to Isabinda.

Dona. Oh Madam, you have set Vice and Virtue in their proper Light, from whence I see the Deformity of one, and Beauty of the other; your generous Forgiveness is all I want, to raise my Soul above a second fall. I have injur'd you, but——

Isab. No more of that; the good Inclination which you show wipes out all faults with me, and your Perseverance will give you as large a share in my Breast, as if you never had offended. Rise Madam, I hear the Door unlock, prepare your Husband according to my direction, and leave the rest to me.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. Ay, there they are——both Women by St. Anthony——that ever I should be such a Dunce to think my self a Cuckold——Which way shall I speak to her now? Oh, my poor dear innocent Lamb is all in Tears, nay thou hast cause to weep, that is the truth on't.

Dona

Dona Per. What have I done, my Dear, that you shou'd expose me thus?

Don Per. That thou hast done nothing at all to merit it, is my grief—Nay do not weep, thou wilt break my Heart, indeed thou wilt; I wish with all my Soul thou hadst Cuckolded me; I think in my Conscience I cou'd forgive thee now.

Dona Per. What Reparation can you ever make me, for the stain you have cast upon my Fame, expos'd me to the Priests, cou'd you have found no other way?

Don Per. I was to blame indeed, Wife; oh forgive me, [*falls on his Knees.*] or my Heart will burst: Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Isab. Nay, now, Madam, you must forgive him.

Don Per. Ay do, dear Madam, intercede for me; I'll never rise, except my dear virtuous Spouse will say she pardon me.

Enter Don Lopez with his Sword drawn.

Don Lop. What! Hangman like, are you asking Pardon e'er you dispatch her? I'll lend you a helping hand, since you are not Master of your Resolution.

[*Don Per. rises hastily, and catches down a Blunderbuss and cocks it at Don Lopez.*]

Don Per. Zounds, put up your Sword, or by St. *Anthony* I'll shoot you through the Head.

Dona Per. Do you start, Brother? Cou'd you inflict that on me which your own Courage starts at? Cruel Man.

Isab. A Brother shou'd rather reconcile, than blow the Coals of strife; 'tis barbarous in Strangers, but much more so in those ally'd to us by Blood: Revenge, tho' just, excludes Religion, and he that pursues it poisons all his Morals, and impudently affronts that Power which gave him Breath to threaten.

Don Lop. Hie day, what Philosopher have we here?

Don Per. Out of my Lodgings, I say, without one question more, and never set foot into them again, as you hope to keep your Guts in. I'll be plagu'd with no more of your Jealousies, I warrant you.

Don Lop. Fine! your Lodgings!—but hear me, *Don*, dare not for your Soul, say you match'd into my Family, or you Mistress boast of any Blood of mine, as you value those Eyes—for from
this

this day I hold you as a Bastard, and may Perdition seize you both. [Exit.

Don Per. Was ever Man so plagu'd?---Come, dry thy Eyes, my Dear, and mind him not, I'm glad I'm rid of him—and if thou dost but forgive me now, by this I'll ne'er offend again.

[Crosses his Thumb and Finger, and kisses it.

Dona Per. Then I am happy.

Don Per. Pray Wife, who is this Lady?

Dona Per. Heav'ns! what shall I say now? [Aside.

Isab. Hold, Madam,—Let me intreat your Presence, with your Lady's, in my Apartment, which is directly under this, and that you wou'd suspend you Curiosity 'till that time.

Dona Per. This is certainly an Angel in disguise.

Don Per. We'll wait on you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mademoisel Joneton to wait on you.

Don Per. Bring her up.

Isab. I'll take my leave, and shall expect you with impatience.

Don Per. The desire of knowing how to treat you as I ought, Madam, will give me Wings to follow you. [Exit Isab.

Enter Mademoisel Joneton.

Mad. My Dear, I'm glad to see you—Oh Senior, are you there? Pray when do you intend to return to your House? Will it never be finish'd? It is enough to Murder one to come up thus high—Positively I'm as much out of Breath as a Trumpeter. Ah pest, it has given me a Colour like a Cook-Maid.

Don Per. Thou art more impertinent than a *Valet de Chambre*. My House will be finish'd next Week, Madam, and then 'tis to be hop'd these Disorders which you complain of will cease.

Mad. Very probable they may—I am horridly chagreen'd to Day, my Dear, I have made twenty Visits within this hour, and can meet with no Conversation to my Gout; the Vanity of the Men gives me the Spleen, and the Insipidness of the Women makes me sleepy----I came just now from my Lady *Betty Trifle's*, where I set the whole Room a yawning; ha, ha, ha.

I

Dona

Dona Per. Impertinence——A Person of your polite Conversation, must not expect to be diverted every where: How does your Sister, Madam?

Mad. Oh my Sister is this day dead, my Dear.

Don Per. How! Dead?

Dona Per. How! Dead?

Mad. Metaphorically speaking, she has enclos'd herself, where she intends to mortifie with Hymns, and spiritual Songs, and has left me the whole World to range in.

Don Per. And I warrant you think that but a Garden.

Mad. If the Sea cou'd be drain'd, 'twou'd make a very pretty Park, Senior.

Don Per. Humph! This is a Woman of a copious Fancy——Well my Dear, I'll go before you. [Exit.

Dona Per. Not for the World——Madam, if you please, since you are upon the visiting Pin, I'll introduce you to a new Acquaintance——I'd rather take her with me, than suffer him to go without me.

Mad. With all Satisfaction, I love new Acquaintance extremely, is it a Man?

Dona Per. No; a Lady.

Mad. What has she to recommend her?——But, no matter, I'll wait on you. The Devil take this Colonel, I can't get him out of my Head, I am half afraid I indure him more than I imagin'd. [Aside.

Dona Per. Madam, will you give me leave to wait on you down? [Exeunt.

The SCENE draws and discovers Charles solus, in Isabinda's Apartment looking about him.

Cha. What will be the issue of this Affair, Heav'n knows. To what end am I order'd to stay here, under the same Roof? And why is this Priest so long a coming? My Mind misgives me, it was no Priest——But some Rival, jealous of her Favours, found the way to surprise us, and contrary to the Custom of a *Portuguese*, has Honour enough to dispute it with me fairly; faith I wish that may be the worst on't.

Enter

Enter Colonel Ravelin and Mar-plot.

Mar. Egad, here he is———*Charles*, I'm glad to find thee alive with all my Blood—

Cha. The Devil! Ha! Colonel *Ravelin* there too? You surprise me? How did you find me?

Rav. By *Mar-plot's* Direction, you know he's a very good finder, he assur'd me you wanted my Assistance———

Mar. Ah *Charles*, which got the better in the Duel, Ha? What Weapons did you fight with?

Rav. I can't tell what Engagement thou hast been in, *Charles*, but by thy Looks, I fancy it has not pleas'd thee.

Cha. I have run some hazard since I saw you, Colonel, but if I had caught you dogging me, I'd a hamstring'd you, Rascal---

Mar. Very fine———See what a Man gets for his good will now——But if I had not thought you in danger of Hamstringing, and Heartstringing too; the Devil a step wou'd I a fetch'd. I'm sure the old Cuckold frighted me out of my Wits with his threats, and the Colonel here has almost broke my Bones, and all for you——And thus you reward me———

Cha. The old Cuckold! What do you mean?

Mar. Nay, let the Colonel tell you what I mean, for my part I'll have nothing to do with you as long as I live again——Bless me, what do I see? The very old Dog that swore by Fire, Blood and Brimstone, he wou'd send you to the Devil——Oh Lord, oh Lord, draw Gentlemen, draw, put your self upon your Guard, *Charles*, oh dear Colonel stand by him; ods life I tremble so, I cannot get my Sword out for my Blood——

Enter Don Perriera.

Cha. Ha! What are you, Sir?

[*Draws.*

Rav. Get you behind me, you timerous Puppy.

[*Draws.*

Don Per. What do you mean, Gentlemen, to murder me?

Cha. I mean that you shan't murder me, Sir.

Don Per. You, Sir? why I don't know you, Sir.

Mar. Not know him, Sir, what a confounded lying old Thief you are, I'll take my Oath I heard you and that bloody-minded Spaniard, threaten what you'd do to this Gentleman, if you catch'd him in your House; egad *Charles*, knock him down.

Don Per. Oh Mr. Sweep-chimney, are you here? *St. Anthony* defend me, what Ambuscade am I tumbled into? This was certainly my Wife's Gallant, and has impos'd upon the Priests, as well as me, in Petticoats, and now has trapan'd me here to murder me——Help, Murder, Treason, Murder, help----

Cha. Taking him by the Collar.] Cease your bawling, old *Lucifer*, or expect no Mercy. [Points his Sword to his Breast.

Rav. Confess your design, and produce your villainous Gang, and they shall have Satisfaction, equal to their Merits.

Don Per. Gang? By *St. Anthony*, I have no Gang; I came hither to wait on the Lady who belongs to this Appartment, but little thought of meeting with my damnable virtuous Wife's Gallant. I suppose I am decoy'd hither to have my Throat cut, therefore come on both of you, old as I am, I yet can stand a Push.

[Draws.

Mar. Oh, oh, Murder, Murder, Murder.

[Runs off.

Don Per. I wish I had known you in Petticoats.

Cha. Ha, this must be *Don Perriera*; but what does he mean by Petticoats? Hold, Sir——What is the Lady's Name of this Appartment?

Don Per. I know not, it was to be inform'd of that I came, but I suppose you are the Lady, Sir.

Rav. This shallow-brain'd Whelp has made a damn'd blunder here——This is a very odd Riddle, Sir, pray——

Enter Mar-plot running.

Mar. Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost---

Don Per. *St. Anthony* defend me, a Ghost? where?

[Crosses himself.

Enter Isabinda, Dona Perriera, Mademoiselle and Margaritta.
Oh, Madam, is it you? This is the Lady I came to wait on, Gentlemen.

Cha. Ha! She here!

[Margaritta whispers Charles.

Marg. That Lady, in the Habit of a Priest, delivered you---
Do you know her?

Cha. Know her! Yes---Delivered by my Wife---

Mad. The Colonel here too? I'm not displeas'd with this Visit.

[Aside.

Rav. My Mistress---a pretty kind of a Rencounter. [Goes to her.

Cha. Oh let me fly into thy Arms, my *Isabinda*, my charming Love, thou holdest more Virtues in thy Breast, than thy whole Sex can boast. Can't thou forgive me, *Isabinda*?

Isab.

Isab. As freely as thou can'st ask it; but hush, we shall be observ'd; let not the Company know this is our first meeting. I was loath to trust the Writings with Strangers, so brought them myself.

Cha. Thou are all Goodness.

Isab. I thought I heard Murder cry out as I enter'd, Senior.

Don Per. Why truly, Madam, if you had not come as you did, I was in danger of my Life here.

Cha. 'Twas only a Mistake, my Dear. I ask your Pardon, Sir.

Don Per. Pardon, Sir? This is a very odd mistake, Sir.

Mar. Egad, and so it is; a Pox of my Zeal——

Isab. I hope all Mistakes will be clear'd, Sir, I know you loved my Father, Sir, *jealous Traffick*; and for his sake, I hope you'll know my Husband.

Don Per. What, my old Friend? Yes faith will I, Sir, I am yours, but I must kiss your Wife. My Dear, why did not you tell me who she was before?

Don Per. A good Reason, because I did not know. [*Aside.*] You saw she forbid me, my Dear.

Mar. Now you are all acquainted, I'll tell you how I came to mistake this Matter: I did not know this was a House of Lodgings, nor that my Friend had remov'd hither, till I found him out by Accident, upon my Honour, Senior——

Cha. The Rogue will stumble out an Excuse.

Don Per. Honour! Pray, Sir, upon your Honour tell me how you got out of my Room?

Marg. For your Soul, no squeaking—— [*Aside to Mar-plot.*]

Mar. No, no; never fear me. Egad, what shall I say now? Why, Sir, you must know I am a Chimist, and have found out a Secret that will open and shut all Locks whatever; that help'd me out, Sir.

Don Per. Say you so, Sir? Pray will you communicate.

Mar. Not for your whole Estate, Sir.

Don Per. I'll have this Fellow sent out of Town, for by the help of this Secret he'll Cuckold all the Men in *Lisbon*.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, what a Lie has he lit of——Colonel, won't the Lady capitulate upon Honourable Terms?

Rav. She desires two days Consideration, a great while for a Man to fast, that is almost starv'd already.

Mad. Well, Colonel, to shew you I am good-natur'd, I'll put it to Arbitration.

Cha.

Cha. Nay, then Madam, we shall all give it against you.

Don Per. What's here, a Wedding on foot? Prithee let's have it just now, to reconcile all Differences, and tho' I have not danc'd these forty Years, will take a turn among you.

Mar. So! I'll be hang'd if this is not *Mademoiselle Flutter* now. Fox of these Matrimonial Intreagues—but Egad we will have Dancing— I'm resolv'd. [Exit.

Rav. Faith, Madam, the Cannon of Constancy is a heavy Carriage, and if I shou'd summon my Senses to a Council of War, and make Reason Judge-Advocate, 'tis odds but I raise the Siege.

Mad. Well, Colonel, if I surrender Prisoner of War, remember I expect to be generously us'd.

Rav. You shall have no cause to complain.

Om. We wish you Joy, Colonel.

Don Per. Now for a Dance.

Enter Mar-plot.

Mar. And I have brought the Musick.

[A Dance.

Cha. Come, Colonel, Marriage is the only happy State, when Virtue is the Guide.

Had but all Women *Isabinda's* Mind,
So Constant, Prudent, Virtuous, and so kind,
What Joys so great as Wedlock cou'd we find?
No more shou'd we unlawful Love pursue,
But think our Wives for ever young and new,
And learn from them the Art of being true.

Isab. In vain we strive by haughty ways to prove
Our chaste Affections, and our duteous Love.

To smoothe the Husband's rugged Storms of Life,
Is the design and business of a Wife;
Still all his Faults with Patience to behold,
And not for ev'ry Trifle rant, and scold:
Men from Example, more than Precept, learn,
And modest Carriage still has power to Charm.
After my Method, wou'd all Wives but move,
They'd soon regain, and keep their Husbands Love:
Our kind Indulgence wou'd their Vice o'ercome,
And with our Meekness strike their Passions dumb.

E P I L O G U E.

THE Play concluded, I'm at last set free,
 Resume my self, and now am Cap-a-pee,
 A free-born Nymph of English Liberty.
 I sweat t' have been a Wife but three bare Hours;
 What is't to be one then for Life, ye Powers,
 Where Husbands too are ten times worse than ours?
 The slightest Trip with them demands our Blood;
 But venial Frailties here are better understood.
 Your DonCornuted is a Monster there,
 But thank our Stars, the Fate's no Wonder here.
 The Monster ceases, where the Case is common,
 And watch your Eyes out, you must trust the Woman.
 In vain her Person with Restraint you load,
 When Spite of Walls her willing Mind's abroad.
 A blessed Life indeed! where churlish Fear
 Attends the Thing your Appetites cou'd spare.
 Is there on Earth, a Wretch, a greater Jest,
 Than the pale Lover, starv'd for Beauty's Feast,
 That begs, in pity of his famish'd Sense, a Taste?
 Protest his Appetite shall last for Ages,
 Hungry Fit, to eat for Life engages.
 And, our Guest falls bravely to,
 In feeding grew:
 Needs,
 Like Husband feeds.
 Matrimonial Mien,
 Plainly seen;

Incurable

Incurable his Pain, and laugh'd at in Distress,
He snarling cries, Consume my Happiness.
Oh, tiresome Plenty ! O intollerable Bliss !
Oh the lost Joys of freeborn Wretchedness !
Like Dog in Manger, thus he snarles and bites,
And curses what another's Taste delights.
While such Examples 'fore my Eyes I see,
Guard me, ye Powers, from Loss of Liberty.
'Tis strange, you Britains, whom no Force can humble,
Shou'd court those Chains, at which you're sure to grumble.
But since, alas ! 'tis fatal to the Age,
I'll ev'n maintain my Post upon the Stage;
Which (for at once I'd all Mens Hope prevent)
I'll never leave, tho' tempted with a Settlement.

FINIS.

